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# *Life on Great Ocean Steamers*

### *HOW THESE FLOATING ISLANDS ARE MANAGED*

SEA-VOYAGING has in these days lost in large measure the element of rarity, but for the man or woman who for the first time crosses the Western ocean on any one of the crack liners plying between America and Europe the experience has novelty and charm, and is one well worth remembering. The present chronicle, says a writer in the Saint Louis Globe-Democrat, has to do with such a voyage. With the dropping of the pilot sea-routine is promptly taken up on an ocean flyer, and thereafter on the shoulders of the commander rests the preservation of the ship and the safety of the passengers and crew. Every Captain of an Atlantic liner embodies in his person a shining example of Darwin's law of the survival of the fittest, for there is no short cut to the bridge and none but a master seaman ever reaches it.

The man who would be a Captain cannot crawl through the cabin window. He must fight his way over the bows. There is probably not a commander of an ocean liner who has not been around the world as a common sailor, a mate, and finally a master of a ship. In fact, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to get the command of a transatlantic ship without having first been the Captain of a large sailing vessel. Some of the companies, like the Cunard, have a rule requiring that a candidate for a Captaincy shall have served as a Captain somewhere. It is the man who knows his business that makes his way to the bridge as chief of the vessel.

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But a Captain does not obtain on shipboard all the education which makes him capable of commanding a Lucania or City of Paris. There must be much study of books as well. He must know something of the arts of shipbuilding and of engineering; he must be familiar with the science of meteorology; he must be a master of the moods of old ocean, the currents and lanes as discovery has set them forth; he must have the mathematics of navigation completely under control, and he must have a general knowledge of the politics and laws of the high seas.

Most important of all, he must be a man of courage and good judgment, for he must govern his crew more wisely, shrewdly and sternly than a General controls his army, and be prepared to withstand the attacks of Nature's forces with as much skill and alertness as the leader of an army must show against a surrounding enemy. His responsibility never ends, not even when he is asleep. Often does a commander come into port from a perilous voyage during which for two days and nights he has not left his bridge except four or five times, and then only for a few minutes at a time.

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There was a time when the Captain was a prominent social figure on all ocean steamships, but this is no longer the case. He may be seen at his table in the saloon when the weather is fine, or may be met on deck occasionally when he is looking over the ship, but at other times he is generally out of sight, except when he may appear on the bridge. The chief officer is seen most of all by the passengers. His principal duty is to look after the daily work of the crew, and he is about the deck constantly when not inspecting various parts of the ship. He takes an observation on the bridge with the other officers every day at twenty minutes before noon, but with that exception is seldom seen there. The other officers are in sight only when one looks up at the bridge. Indeed, on some of the newer ships they sleep and mess in quarters of their own on the shade deck, and thus are rarely, if ever, brought in contact with the passengers.

On all the largest steamships there are, besides a Captain and chief officer, three second officers, one third and one fourth officer. The second officers are known as senior second, junior second and extra second, and each, like the chief officer, is a duly qualified master, capable of taking the ship round the world if need be. The general duty of the second officers is the navigation of the ship under the Captain's directions. Each of these officers stands a four-hours' watch on the bridge, and each during his tour of duty has, as the Captain's representative, direct charge of the ship. The third and fourth officers stand a watch of six hours, alternating with each other, and there are, therefore, always a second and third or fourth officer on watch at the same time.

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Although in rough weather it is work that tests the strength and tries the nerves of the strongest man, no officer can leave the bridge while on watch, and should he violate this rule he would be dismissed at once. In addition to his watch the third officer has charge of all the flags and signals by night and day, and he also keeps the compass book, while the fourth officer, besides his work on the bridge, has charge of the condition of the boats. Observations are taken every two hours, as on an ocean greyhound, rushing over the course between New York and Europe at the rate of twenty miles an hour, it is of the first importance that the ship's position should be known at all times. Fog may come down at any moment, and observations not be obtainable for several hours. The positions of more than one hundred stars are known, and by observing any of them the ship's whereabouts can be ascertained in a few minutes.

Of course, the "road" becomes more or less familiar to a man who crosses the ocean along the same route year after year, yet this familiarity never breeds contempt or carelessness, for no man knows all the influences that affect the currents of the ocean, and while you will find the current in a given place the same forty times in succession, on the forty-first trip it may be entirely changed. Now and then a big storm that has ended four or five hours before a liner passes a certain point may give the surface current a strong set in one direction, and there is no means of telling when these influences may have been at work save by taking the ship's position at frequent intervals.

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The ship's crew stand watch and watch, and in each watch there are three quartermasters who have charge of the wheel. Steering in the old days before the introduction of steam gear was an arduous and too often perilous duty, but to-day, even in the roughest weather, a lad of twelve can easily manage the wheel, which is merely the purchasing end of a mechanical system that opens and shuts the valve governing the steam admitted to the steering cylinders. First-class ships number from twelve to fifteen men in each watch. A certain number of these must be able seamen, and none are allowed many idle moments. In the middle watches the decks are scrubbed; in the morning watches the paint work is overhauled and cleaned; and, finally, when the weather permits, the brass work is polished until it is made as radiant as the midday sun. This scrubbing, burnishing and cleaning runs through every department, and in no perfunctory way, for each day the ship is inspected, and upon the result hangs the possible promotion of the subordinates.

Once in every twenty-four hours the Captain receives a written report from the First Officer, the Chief Engineer and the Chief Steward, and at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of each day, accompanied by the Doctor, he inspects all parts of the ship. Let us follow him, if he is gracious enough to give permission, in this visit to the realm ruled by the Chief Engineer and Steward.

In the fleetest of the liners the engineer force numbers nearly two hundred men, divided, as a rule, into three crews with a double allowance of officers for duty. An engineer keeps watch in each fire room, and two are stationed on each engine-room platform. Watches depend upon the weather. In most cases the force, officers and men, serve four out of twelve hours, but in foggy or stormy weather officers stand at the throttles, with peremptory orders to do no other work. In relieving each other great care is taken; those going on the platform feeling the warmth of the bearings, examining the condition of the pins and shafting, testing the valves, locating the position of the throttles, counting the revolutions, and by every technical trial satisfying themselves before taking charge that all is right.

Distressing at all times is the lot of the poor fellows who man the stoke-hole. On the Fuerst Bismarck, for instance, there are twenty-four furnaces, manned by thirty-six brawny and half-naked stokers. Suddenly from somewhere in the darkness come three shrill calls upon a whistle, and instantly each furnace door flies open and out gush and gurgle thirsty tongues of flame. With averted heads and steaming bodies four stokers begin to shovel furiously, while two others thrust their slice-bars through each door and into the bubbling mass of fire and flames. Burying their lances deep in the coals, they throw their weight full upon the ends as levers and lift the whole bank of fire several inches. Then they draw out their lances, leaving a black hole through the fire, into which the draught is sucked with an increasing roar. Three times they thrust and withdraw the lances, pausing after each charge to plunge their heads into buckets of water and take deep draughts from bottles of light German wine.

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But this cooling respite lasts only a moment at best, for their task-masters watch and drive them, and the tale of furnaces must do its stint. However, it is fair to say that everything that can be done to lessen the hardships of life in the stoke-hole has been done by the steamship companies. The best quality of food is given the stokers, and they are allowed double rations of wine and kümmel four times a day.

The Chief Engineer of an ocean steamship is fairly well paid, and he deserves to be. Some of the old chiefs are the greatest travelers in the world, so far as miles may count. One of whom I was told has traveled in the service of one company more than 900,000 shore miles, a distance four times that between the earth and the moon; and still higher is the record of another, who completed before his retirement one hundred and fifty-four round trips, making in distance over 1,000,000 statute miles.

The Captain in his daily tour scrutinizes every nook and corner of the engineer's department, and not less scrupulous and minute is his inspection of the domain in which the Chief Steward holds sway. There is good reason for this, since, as far as the comfort of the passengers is concerned, the Chief Steward is the most important person on board a liner, with charge of the staterooms, dining-room, storerooms and kitchen. Like the engine-room, the ship's kitchen, located amidships, is an unknown world to most of the passengers aboard.

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There are, as a matter of fact, three kitchens, besides a serving-room. The soups, fish, meats and vegetables are prepared and cooked in one room, and the bread and pastry in another, while the steerage has a kitchen to itself in which all the cooking is done by steam. Space being valuable, all these rooms are small, and meals for five hundred or one thousand persons are cooked in an apartment no larger than the kitchen in a low-priced flat or the pantry in a country house. This makes it necessary to keep everything in its place, and it amazes one to see how compactly the ship's supplies can be arranged. Nothing is left down on shelves or in drawers which may be hung on hooks, and even the platter and serving-dishes are made to hang.

Moreover, what the ship's kitchen loses in size is made up in the number of storerooms. Far aft is the main storeroom, which, with its bins reaching from floor to ceiling, and its racks overhead, looks like a wholesale grocery store, only a great deal more compact. Close at hand is the wine locker, a long place, lined with narrow shelves, which have an upward tilt and are crowded with all sorts and kinds of bottled liquors. Down deeper is a big compartment where are stored barrels of flour, potatoes, vinegar and beer, which are hoisted up under the direction of the storekeeper when they are wanted. Pretty well forward is the refrigerating plant, a zinc-lined chamber, where the choicest sides of beef, joints of mutton, chickens and turkeys are kept frozen. All the liners, it may be noted in passing, carry a butcher, whose duty it is to cut the steaks and chops, and to see that no good material goes to waste through unskillful hacking.

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Adjoining the kitchen is the serving-room, or pantry, frescoed with silver coffee pots and cream mugs, lined with shelves filled with crockery, while the hook-dotted ceiling glitters with a hundred other pieces of silverware which swing and scintillate with every motion of the ship. The shelves are really wooden pockets, faced with strips of wood, which keep the dishes from rolling out, and stowed away there are cups and plates by the hundred. Along the side of the room is a big hot press, having on its top all manner of indentations for the trenchers, saucepans and soup pots which are sent in from the kitchen laden with food at meal time. This is flanked by a line of glistening tea and coffee urns, while in a convenient corner is a roomy ice-box for the cold meats and butter.

To the kitchen and pantry the storeroom is always sending tribute, and they send it to the glass-domed dining-room, which, with its long tables, its dazzling white cloths, and its glittering array of silver and glass, looks at night like an enchanted realm. Seats at the table are arranged by the purser or steward, who gives out the seats to those who ask for them first. Each seat is numbered, and the passenger receives a ticket with his seat number on it when he goes to his first meal on board.

Formerly there was a struggle for seats at the Captain's table, but now the wise and wary ones rally about the Purser and the Doctor, for the Commander's duties seldom permit him to go below save at dinner time. Still, wherever his place at table may be fixed, the cabin passenger finds that no opportunity is neglected to serve his comfort and lighten the tedium of the voyage. On the German liners a band accompanies every vessel, and plays through the long first-cabin dinner, and again on deck in the evening. All German and American holidays are observed on these boats, and when Christmas comes to the travelers at sea they find themselves in the midst of a Fatherland festival, the chief feature of which is a brightly adorned and illuminated tree. Nor are the steerage passengers forgotten on these occasions, amusements and a special feast being provided for their entertainment, too.

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On the boats of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique the French festivals and American holidays are celebrated by concerts, balls, dinner parties and extra luxuries at the regular meals. Entertainment is provided for the steerage passengers, and a special menu is furnished. On such occasions, too, the ships are gayly decorated with bunting from stem to stern.

The "Captain's dinner" is another pleasant feature of the voyage on a French liner. This takes place just before the end of the voyage, and is regarded as a token of good-will between the passengers and the ship's company. Champagne is furnished without extra charge at this dinner, and toasts and speechmaking follow. On a British liner on Sunday morning the Captain, in full uniform, supported by his officers, reads the Church of England service, to which all are invited, while British and American holidays are observed in a fitting manner, the ship being always dressed for the occasion. The boats of the British line have a concert, for the exploitation of the talent on board, and a parting dinner given an evening or two before arrival in port, when the passengers often take a formal parting from each other.

Meantime, how do the steerage folk get on when voyaging over the Western ocean? Here there is another and different story to tell. Picture to yourself, in the bottom, apparently, of a ship like the Britannic of the Cunard line, a great, bare, barnlike apartment, some seventy feet long, tapering almost to a point at the forward end, and almost thirty feet wide at the other. It is dimly lighted and badly ventilated by means of a shaft, through which the main mast enters, and by port-holes which are too near the water ever to be opened except in harbor, and are well-nigh submerged when the vessel lies over or rolls.

Lined along the three sides of this rude triangle are large skeleton pens, each upholding two tiers of coffin-like bunks, one above the other, the beds being placed side by side in rows of eight, and end to end two deep. Thus each of these structures holds thirty-two bunks, whose sides and bottoms are of rough boards. A narrow passageway runs across the ship between the pens, of which there are seven in all, making a total of two hundred and twenty-four souls who are crowded into these sordid quarters. Picture this to yourself and you have before you the men's cabin of the steerage of the Britannic. The room being lighted at night by gasoline lamps, smoking is forbidden, while all relaxation must be taken on that small portion of the lower deck beyond which no steerage passenger is ever allowed to roam.

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Still there is a bright side to the picture. All the companies provide ample and wholesome fare for their steerage passengers. No Captain ever fails to include in his daily tour a personal and painstaking inspection of this department, and he is always approachable in the event of complaints arising on the part of the humblest and poorest traveler. Nor is it to be supposed that steerage passengers are all immigrants, for, odd as it may seem, there are many world wanderers who cross and recross in the steerage, who travel over great parts of the world, and who, in their class, are as independent as the men and women lodged in the first cabin.

Whether you travel in the cabin or the steerage, the closing days of a voyage are always sure to be the shortest and the pleasantest ones. The routine of marine life ceases to be a burden. Newly found friends and glimpses of passing vessels cheer and break the solitude, while the tonic of the sea air courses like an elixir in the blood. Young couples talk together demurely in shady corners of the deck, whence issue now and then sudden bursts of rippling laughter, nor is there lack of jollity in the smoking-room. Then, after long and eager waiting, comes the happy hour when there is a cry of "Sail, ho," and a few moments later a yawl emerges from the gathering darkness and a bluff, black-garbed pilot climbs to the ship's deck, bringing news from the outer world and the glad assurance that land and home are just beyond the horizon line.

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Early on the following morning comes the exulting, welcome cry, "There she is, Fire Island Light, right over the starboard bow." The watcher in the lighthouse telegraphs the steamer's arrival to the Quarantine Station and the ship news officer, and long before noon the ship reaches Quarantine. Here the health officers board her, and if it is found that she has no case of contagious disease on board she is permitted to proceed to her dock, which she reaches in about one hour and a half, including the time of examination by the health officer. Meanwhile she has been met down the bay by a revenue cutter having a squad of customs officers on board, and declarations have been made and signed by the cabin passengers as to the contents of their trunks, which are searched as soon as the vessel arrives at her dock. Here, also, an officer of the Emigration Bureau takes charge of the steerage passengers, and has folks and baggage conveyed to the barge office for the examination which will impel their return to the place from which they came or end in the granting of permission for them to enter the land of mystery and promise.

Within the hour in which the liner reaches her moorings on the New York or Jersey shore the last passenger has taken his departure, a shore leave has been granted to the majority of the weary ship's company, and waiting hands have promptly taken in charge the task of making ready for the leviathan's next ocean pilgrimage, since one voyage is no sooner ended than another is begun.

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### *Where Rain Doesn't Reach the Ground*

THERE is at least one place in the United States where a man may be out in a heavy rain and not get wet, even though he has neither mackintosh nor umbrella. In the Colorado desert they have rainstorms during which not a single drop of water touches the earth. The rain can be seen falling from the clouds high above the desert, but when the water reaches the strata of hot dry air beneath the clouds it is entirely absorbed before falling half the distance to the ground. It is a singular sight to witness a heavy downpour of rain, not a drop of which touches the ground. These rainstorms occur in regions where the shade temperature often ranges as high as 128° Fahrenheit.

# *Saving the Priest's Lamb*

### *HOW JACOB SURPRISED THE HESSIANS*

*By Carit Etlar*

TWO miles from the Danish boundary as it existed in 1848 there is a little market town. The Germans had demanded four millions of dollars from Denmark, and, to enforce payment, sent troops to occupy Jutland; every day a fresh swarm passed through the little town. The German leaders had considered it best to send two soldiers against one Danish.

First came the Hessian Hussars, and were billeted on the townspeople. How the fellows ate and drank! But this was nothing to what they wanted for their horses. Then came the Brandenburgers. They were infantry, and exhibited a ravenous appetite for poultry. Scarcely a single duck or fowl was left after them. After them came the Hanoverians. They were drawn up in line, and each man had his billet given him on some of the people, and the Colonel of the regiment made them a neat speech.

"There is to be no thieving or taking by force. Every man must pay for what he wants. If any complaint is made to me I will punish you."

He then dismissed them. After they had found their quarters, the next thing was supper. A fool of a cock, that had been hidden by its owners in a loft, went to an open trapdoor, flapped his wings and crowed, "Here am I," and was at once pursued by a party of soldiers.

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The Colonel and the Adjutant occupied the schoolroom. The desks and forms were removed, thus affording plenty of room. They had thought of going to the priest's house, if a case of typhus fever had not recently occurred there. The Colonel sent his servant to get something for his and the Adjutant's supper. The man took another soldier with him and searched the town. No one had anything to spare. At last they came to the priest's house. He was a very old man, with long gray hair and a kindly face. They found him sitting on a bench outside his door smoking his pipe.

The Colonel's servant saluted and said, "Are you the owner of the house?"

"I am the priest."

"I am glad to hear it. I am so cursedly fond of righteous people. We have come to do a little business with you, Herr Pastor. My master wants something for supper. I have not myself had anything to eat for a fortnight. We were to have come here for quarters, but we had such a respect for the priest as well as the typhus fever, that we have been content to billet ourselves on the clerk instead of the Herr Pastor. Perhaps his worship has a fat fowl, or two or three chickens?"

"I have none," replied the pastor.

"A couple of ducks, then? But they must be fat. The Colonel said he would cut my head off if I did not get him something good for supper, so the Herr Pastor sees it will be like committing murder if you do not let us have something."

"I have no ducks," said the pastor; "the last soldiers who were here took everything from us."

"Have you any eggs?—say half a score of new-laid eggs?"

The priest called for his servant. An old lame woman appeared.

"Have we any eggs, Maren?"

"None," she replied; "the German Hussars took them all away from us."

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As she spoke a little black lamb galloped up to the priest, delighted at having found him again. It rubbed itself against his legs, and the pastor stroked its head. The two Germans looked at one another.

"What a pretty little lamb! It has a red tassel round its neck," said one of them. The other caught it and threw it on his shoulder.

"Herr Pastor, we must get something for the Colonel and the Adjutant; they cannot eat hay. Now what shall we pay for this little lamb?—four Prussian dollars? And you can send for the skin in the morning."

The German soldiers put the money on the bench where the priest was sitting, and, notwithstanding his remonstrances and old Maren's trying to take away the lamb, they went off with it. The pastor was left stretching out his hands for the lamb, and Maren crying. The lamb bleated as if calling for help.

Shortly after a man came up dressed as a peasant, with a spade on his shoulder, and as he saw the priest's troubled look and Maren crying he said: "What is the matter, mother?"

"Oh, Jacob," she replied, "I wish you had been here before, my boy!"

Maren's boy was a tall, big-limbed man, with a good-tempered face that, at the same time, showed great force of character.

"They have taken Malle (the lamb) from us," said the priest. "Two German soldiers came here and wanted food for their Colonel, and when they saw Malle they carried her away, after putting four Prussian dollars on the bench."

"Then it is best I go and fetch her," said Jacob.

"Yes; but they were two strong fellows," said the priest.

"Only two!" said Jacob. "Don't trouble; I will go and fetch her, and when I have, we had better shut her up in the barn until the German soldiers have left."

"Take the four dollars," said the priest, "and return them the money."

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Jacob put the money into his pocket, and, taking off his wooden shoes, ran as hard as he could on his bare feet, taking his shoes with him. They had reached the schoolhouse, and had placed the lamb on the bottom of an upturned tub.

"Hold it up," said one of the men, "while I give it a red mark on its throat better than the priest's tassel. I wish the priest was here to see it."

"He is not," said a deep voice, "but his man is. What are you doing with our lamb? There are your four dollars." He pushed one of the soldiers away and took up the lamb in his arms.

The two soldiers broke into a scornful laugh, and one of them seized Jacob and said, "What does the fool mean? Put down the lamb, or we will break every bone in your body."

Jacob smiled as they tried to take away the lamb and could not. At length he put it down.

"You want to try your strength with me," he said, as he caught one of the soldiers in his strong arms and threw him heavily to the ground.

"Now," said Jacob, "let that lamb alone, and take your four dollars."

The other soldier drew his sword, but Jacob wrested the sword from him. A window of the schoolhouse was opened, and the Colonel spoke:

"What are you men quarreling about? Come here, you fellow with a straw hat!"

Jacob went to the window, with the lamb on his shoulder, and took off his hat.

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"His Honor the Colonel must not find fault with me. I was only defending myself as best I could. These two men came to our place and took away by force our only lamb."

"We paid for it," said the men.

"You took it by force from an old, childless man, to whom the lamb was his greatest comfort. His Honor the Colonel would surely not take away a lamb from the priest, and that his only one?"

"Who are you?"

"I am the priest's farm laborer; my mother is in his service."

"And so you came," said the Colonel, "and took away the lamb by force from these two men?"

"They would not let me have it without."

"And you took away the soldier's sword, too?".

"Yes; because he should not do me mischief with it," replied Jacob.

"He came here," said one of the soldiers, "and kicked up a row about the lamb. If it had not been near his Honor the Colonel's quarters I would have cut his ears off."

"He could do nothing of the sort," said Jacob; "he cannot use a sword—a foot-soldier never knows how to do so."

"What is that you say?" said the Colonel. "Put that lamb down—no one shall injure it—and come in here; and you also, Franz Ziegel."

The schoolmaster's people saw what passed, and thought Jacob was arrested for taking away the soldier's sword.

A couple of bundles of straw had been spread on the floor of the schoolroom, over which a horse-cloth was thrown. This was the Colonel's and the Adjutant's night quarters. Jacob stood inside the door with the lamb rubbing against his legs. It well knew where it was safest.

"What does a clodhopper like you know about my men's not being able to use their swords?" asked the Colonel.

"I only meant to say," replied Jacob, "that they could not use their swords as well as the Hussars or the Lancers."

"Then you have been a cavalry soldier?"

"Yes," replied Jacob; "but I was discharged, and now work at the priest's."

"I can well imagine," said the Colonel, "that you care more for his flesh-pots than risking your precious skin."

Jacob looked at the Colonel steadily. "My mother," he said, "wrote me that she had brought up five of us, and worked hard for us, and that now she was getting past work, and that I must come and help her; so I got the priest to take her as housekeeper while I work for him at half-wages. That is how I got my discharge. And now, may I go?"

"No; stop a little. You say you have been in the cavalry, and know how to use a sword better than a foot-soldier. We will see. Fetch two swords, Franz Ziegel. That man," added the Colonel, as Ziegel left, "has been awarded a prize for fencing."

"When I have fenced with him may I go?" asked Jacob.

"Yes; and if you make good your words you may take the lamb with you, but if not we shall keep it, as we have paid for it."

"Now, then, eyes front," said Jacob to Ziegel, who had returned with two swords. "How the fellow stands! He looks like a ratcatcher handling a broomstick."

"I will cut you up in small pieces like they do fish for stewing," said Franz Ziegel, confidently.

"Try," said Jacob; "and recollect, you are the man who took a prize for fencing."

Ziegel attacked fiercely, and Jacob parried in a manner apparently against the simplest rules of fencing. He made no attack because he did not seem to know how. He smiled at Ziegel's vain attacks, and said, "You cut as if you were threshing corn."

"Why are you standing like that?" asked the Colonel. "That is not the right position to fence well."

"It is not necessary to be very particular with this blockhead," said Jacob, "but I will soon settle him. Now, Franz Ziegel, hold your sword fast—you, the man that won the prize! You will soon drop it." A quick attack followed, and Ziegel's sword flew out of his hand, and he stood looking at Jacob with his mouth open.

"You have not cut me up like fish before they stew it," said Jacob, "not this time."

"You have won," said the Colonel, "but I cannot make out whether skill or luck befriended you."

"Luck, of course," said Jacob, "but I have shown you that a foot-soldier cannot use a sword. May I go now?"

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The Adjutant jumped up. "With the Colonel's permission," he said, "I should like to try the question."

The Colonel nodded. Jacob looked round, as he did not expect this.

"Well, if I must, I must," said Jacob, "but will His Honor the Colonel tell the soldier to go out? He has a bad eye. And may I take my wooden shoes off?"

Jacob now put himself into a proper position and the Adjutant found that he had no mean opponent. Jacob stood as if rooted to the ground, and parried with a smile the fiercest attacks. After a while the officer stepped back and lowered his sword.

"The Adjutant is out of breath," said Jacob. "I hope that he will not mind my saying that he attacks too violently; he overexerts himself. His wrist is also hardly supple enough. When he makes an attack and it is parried, he leaves himself open to an attack that he cannot parry, and this he has done four times."

"Why, then, did you not use your opportunity?" asked the Colonel.

"Because the swords are sharp, and I did not wish to wound the officer," replied Jacob.

They crossed swords again, and Jacob showed himself a skilled swordsman. "The officer should stand his ground and not step back," he said, "as he then exposes himself to attack. I will now give him three small touches, and then there will be enough of this nonsense." The officer was driven against the wall and touched three times with Jacob's sword, as he said "one, two, three."

"May I go now?" he asked.

"Yes," said the Colonel; "but you must first tell us who you are."

Jacob wiped his forehead with his sleeve and replied, "I am the priest's——"

"Nonsense! No evasions; who are you?"

Jacob stepped back and made a military salute. "I am Jacob Olderburger, late fencing-master to the Danish Hussars."

He took the lamb upon his shoulders and left. It bleated and licked his neck.

"You may well bleat," said Jacob. "You have been nearer the Germans' knives than I have been to their swords."—From Pleasant Readings from the North, by J. Fulford Vicary. Frederick Warne & Co.

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### *A Meteorite That Paid a Mortgage*

AN ILLUSTRATION of uses to which meteorites may be put before their real character is known is afforded by those of Kiowa County, Kansas. They fell, says a writer in Saint Nicholas, on a prairie where rocks were scarce and valuable, and the farmers of the vicinity found meteorites convenient for holding down haystacks, stable roofs, or covers to rain barrels. For such purposes they might have been used for a long time had not the wife of one of the farmers become convinced that there was something unusual about them and called an expert to examine them. He at once recognized their nature, and the enterprising woman finally sold hers to seekers after curios and to scientific schools for enough to pay off a heavy mortgage upon the farm.

### *Snow Sorcery*

*By Charles Lotin Hildreth*

THE spirits of the North were out last night,
Weaving their wizard spells on plain and hill;
The moon arose and set, and gave no light,
The river freezing in the reeds grew still;
The shuddering stars were hid behind the cloud,
And all the hollow winds were wailing loud.

Where stood the ricks, three antique temples stand,
Like those whose alabaster domes are seen
In old Benares, or far Samarcand,
Half hid in groves of lime and citron green,
With slender minarets whose crystal spires
Burn in the sun with keen, prismatic fires.

The pine is like a tall cathedral tower,
With oriels or withered ivy-vines
Entwined in sculptured shapes of wreath and flower
Through which the clear red stain of morning shines;
And underneath, the snow-draped shrubs and briars
Seem kneeling groups of silent, white-robed friars.

No stone or bush but wears a rare device
Of graceful semblance or ideal form,
Fair fantasy, or sumptuous edifice;
As if the wayward Ariels of the storm
Had blent the magic arts of Prospero
With their own whims and wrought them in the snow.

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## *Words that Laugh and Cry*

*THE MIRACLE OF LANGUAGE*

DID it ever strike you that there was anything queer about the capacity of written words to absorb and convey feelings? Taken separately, says the New York Sun, they are mere symbols, with no more feeling to them than so many bricks; but string them along in a row under certain mysterious conditions, and you find yourself laughing or crying as your eye runs over them. That words should convey mere ideas is not so remarkable. "The boy is fat," "the cat has nine tails," are statements that seem obviously enough within the power of written language. But it is different with feelings. They are no more visible in the symbols that hold them than electricity is visible on the wire; and yet there they are, always ready to respond when the right test is applied by the right person. That spoken words, charged with human tones and lighted by human eyes, should carry feelings, is not so astonishing. The magnetic sympathy of the orator one understands; he might affect his audience, possibly, if he spoke in a language they did not know. But written words—how can they do it?

Suppose, for example, that you possess reasonable facility in grouping language, and that you have strong feelings upon some subject, which finally you determine to commit to paper. Your pen runs along; the proper words present themselves, or are dragged out, and fall into their places. You are a good deal moved; here you chuckle to yourself, and half a dozen of lines further down a lump comes into your throat, and perhaps you have to wipe your eyes. You finish, and the copy goes to the printer. When it gets into print a reader sees it. His eye runs along the lines and down the page until it comes to the place where you chuckled as you wrote; then he smiles, and six lines below he has to swallow several times, and snuffle and wink to restrain an exhibition of weakness like your own.

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And then some one else comes along who is not so good a word-juggler as you are, or who has no feelings, and swaps the words about a little and twists the sentences; and behold! the spell is gone and you have left a parcel of written language duly charged with facts, but without a single feeling. No one can juggle with words with any degree of success without getting a vast respect for their independent ability. They will catch the best idea a man ever had as it flashes through his brain, and hold on to it, to surprise him with it long after, and make him wonder that he was ever man enough to have such an idea. And often they will catch an idea on its way from the brain to the pen-point, turn, twist, and improve on it as the eye winks, and in an instant there they are, strung hand in hand across the page and grinning back at the writer: "This is our idea, old man—not yours!"

As for poetry, every word that expects to earn its salt in poetry should have a head and a pair of legs of its own, to go and find its place, carrying another word if necessary. If the words won't do this for him it indicates that he is out of sympathy with them. You can put tears into them, as though they were so many little buckets; and you can hang smiles along them, like Monday's clothes on the line; or you can starch them with facts and stand them up like a picket fence; but you won't get the tears out unless you first put them in. Art won't put them there. It is like the faculty of getting the quality of interest into pictures. If the quality exists in the artist's mind he is likely to find means to get it into his pictures, but if it isn't in the man no technical skill will supply it. So if the feelings are in the writer and he knows his business, they will get into the words; but they must be in him first. It isn't the way the words are strung together that makes Lincoln's Gettysburg speech immortal, but the feelings that were in the man. But how do such little, plain words manage to keep their grip on such feelings? That is the miracle.

# *Capture of Sergeant Hetherington*

### *THE MOUNTED POLICE OF THE NORTHWEST*

*By William A. Fraser*

BULL-DOG CARNEY had been at it again. It was horses this time; and when horses follow a man off without rhyme or reason there is often shooting from one side or the other.

And the owner of the horses that had gone off with Bull-dog Carney lay in the hospital in Fort McLeod with a plug of lead in his lung. He was a "rustler" himself, and the general opinion was that Carney had only stolen from a thief.

But the plug of lead—that was a different matter. A man has got to be pretty tough before the shooting of him counts for nothing.

So Sergeant Hetherington and Constable Williams were sent out, with three days' rations, to look Carney up in one direction, while a couple of other constables took the trail in another.

Much riding and the viewing of much open plain was the result of the first day's campaign.

On the second day they rode again, but the plain was not quite so open. There were several lakes and various other interruptions to the vista.

"What's the sense of this?" said Hetherington to the other constable. "You might as well look for a needle in a haystack, or a prayer-book in barracks, as look for Carney in this forsaken hole. We'll never get a sight of him, be assured of that."

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So they camped where they were, beside a small lake, and smoked the pipe of peace, and ate their rations, and cursed the Government that had cut their pay down to fifty cents a day; howbeit, the Sergeant was getting more than that now since his promotion. But that was regulation form—the routine; and so they smoked long and swore hard, and cursed the service anyway, as being no good to a man, for it made him lazy and unfitted him for anything else. And it was a wild-goose chase, and Carney was a hundred miles away, and they were a pair of fools as great as the man who had sent them out.

And with the gray regulation blankets pulled over their heads, and their feet warm against the blaze of the smouldering camp-fire, they slept—slept the prairie sleep, which is long, and deep, and strong, and as unlike the other as a strong-growing bush is unlike a hothouse plant. Slept among the wild roses, and great yellow marguerites, and the little wondering sunflowers—slept on the dry, crisp grass that was as a gentle spring mattress.

And as they slept a man came and looked at them, and pulled at his blonde mustache a little, reflectively, and then stepped back into the night again, and all was still; only the munching and occasional stamp of a horse's hoof over to one side where the horses were picketed, and the little sneezing blow of the nose of the feeding animals as they cleared the dust out of their nostrils.

"There were ducks flying over all last night," said the Sergeant, as he pulled on his long boots. "They're nesting here in these lakes, and I'm going to have a look for some eggs."

Soon a voice came up from the reeds and cat-tails growing in the edge of the lake, to the constable, as he busied himself at the morning fire:

"Come down here, Williams. There are slathers of eggs here."

The ducks there were as other ducks—they pulled down the lance-like blades of grass, and plaited them into nests just out in the water a piece—that was Dame Nature's insurance scheme, but she hadn't reckoned with the Sergeant and his merry constable. The long boots, and the gray socks, and the brown pants were off in a jiffy, and with shirts tucked up under their arms the two warriors were soon filling their helmets with duck eggs, and thinking of dainty dishes.

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"I've got my hat full," said the Sergeant, "an' here's a nest with thirteen eggs in it. What'll I do?"

"Better leave it alone," said the constable. "Thirteen's an unlucky number."

"But I want the eggs," pleaded the Sergeant. "It's unlucky to go on tinned beef when you can get fresh eggs; besides, my luck couldn't change for the worse, anyway," he added, as he thought of what the exile life in that lone land meant.

"Well, then," said the constable, "if you don't mind the bad luck, wrap them in your shirt, and I will hold your chapeau," and he waded over to the other and held the helmet.

"I'm a quare-lookin' bird now," said the Sergeant, as he peeled the gray flannel shirt over his head, like stripping an otter, and proceeded to transfer the eggs from the watery nest to the impromptu bag.

"I miss my guess, or you'll run up against hard luck this trip. I wouldn't touch a nest with thirteen eggs in it with a ten-foot pole," said the constable, as they made their way out through the scrub growth on the edge of the lake.

"Having a bath, gentlemen?" asked a cheery voice from the wilderness, as they emerged into the open. It was the man who had looked upon them the previous night as they lay sleeping. The Sergeant was so astonished that the corner of the shirt slipped from his hand, and the thirteen eggs rolled into a batter at his feet. And it was no wonder that he was astonished, for he was looking upon two policemen. The three V-shaped stripes on the right arm of one of them—the speaker—showed that he was a Sergeant. Something about the clothes struck him as being strangely familiar. He could almost swear to a spot or two on the front of the tight-fitting brown jacket.

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"Sorry to trouble you, gentlemen," said the same cheery voice, as the owner of it toyed with the butt of a big regulation revolver at his side; "but my partner here, and myself, took a notion that we'd like to join the force; so we just slipped into your clothes till we'd see how we'd look, and as the two suits will hardly go round the four of us suppose you stack our duds—they're just over there by the camp-fire."

As he spoke he absentmindedly drew forth the big revolver and rubbed his thumb reflectively over the hammer, and waited for them to make their toilet.

"Ye're up to larks this morning," said the Sergeant, thinking that the bad luck of the thirteen eggs was already getting its work in on him. He noticed that their carbines, and revolvers, and cartridge belts had all been taken possession of by the strangers, he realized that himself and the constable were in the hands of the strangers, and he made a pretty shrewd guess that the man they were after had turned the tables and captured them.

"By George! I guess there's no help for it," said the Sergeant, good-humoredly, as he began to crawl into the other man's clothes.

"What's you fellows' game, anyway?" he said, as he pulled on a pair of deerskin riding-breeches.

"Well, I take it you're rather a tough lot," said the man with the stripes on his arm, "an' we're going to arrest you for horse-stealin'."

"Well, that's pretty rich for my blood," said the Sergeant, as he completed his toilet with a broad-brimmed cowboy hat.

"Now, I suppose you're not much accustomed to wearing jewelry," said the other, "but I'll have to trouble you to put these wristlets on," and he tossed the Sergeant a pair of handcuffs. The Sergeant laughed, but made no movement to put them on.

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"Put them on him, Bill," the stranger said, "and if he moves I'll let daylight through him; now the other," he said, as Bill clapped the handcuffs on the Sergeant, and in a twinkling they were both handcuffed prisoners. Then they were mounted on the broncbos belonging to the two men who had them in charge, while the latter took their two good police horses and rode beside them.

"You'll get into a fine row over this," said the Sergeant to his captor.

The latter laughed good-humoredly.

"Not half so fine a row as I would have got into if it had been the other way about. If you'd got the drop on me first, and I was wearin' the bracelets now, then I would think there was trouble ahead."

"What're you going to do with us, anyway?" said the Sergeant; "you can't eat us. Are you going to hold us up an' make the Government ransom us out?"

"We're goin' to leave the constable here with a friend who keeps a fashionable hotel in a shack down at Dead Man's Crossing on Deep Cut Creek, an' we're goin' to take you to Maple Creek an' turn you over to the superintendent there. You shouldn't have run off the horses, you know, an' then when the man objected you plugged him."

"You seem to know all about it," said the Sergeant. "I suppose you're Bull-dog himself."

"You seem a bit mixed, my friend," replied the stranger, very coolly. "You are Bull-dog Carney, and I am Sergeant Hetherington, in charge of this outfit"; and he pulled from his pocket a package containing the Sergeant's papers, neatly inclosed in a blue Government envelope, and smiled derisively at Hetherington.

"You won't be able to work that racket at the barracks at Maple Creek, for some of the fellows'll be sure to know me there."

"Well, if they do, you'll have a longer ride, that's all," answered his captor, "for I mean to get you put in this time sure, for you've escaped often enough before."

That afternoon they came to Dead Man's Crossing, and Williams was left there in charge of a man they found in the shack. He had evidently been expecting Carney, but he opened his eyes with much wonder when he saw the prisoner, and when he understood the situation he went around with a broad grin on his face that was particularly tantalizing.

Maple Creek was seventy miles from Dead Man's Crossing. They stopped all night at Dead Man's Crossing, and made sixty miles of the seventy next day.

In the morning the Sergeant had another lesson in the deep diplomacy with which Carney negotiated matters.

"Ride on, Bill," he heard him say to his mate, "and inquire if Sergeant Hetherington has come in yet with his prisoner. You can tell them that you were out on a little reconnoitre for Carney's mate, and that I expected to be there at the barracks about ten o'clock. If there's anybody there knows me—Sergeant Hetherington—just hit the trail back a piece and we'll move on to the next post. I want to give this man Carney up to strangers, you see; I'm afraid his friends mightn't treat him well. Anyway, I think you'd better ride back to meet me."

Bill galloped away on his errand, and after putting in an hour or so to give him a good start, Carney and his prisoner struck camp and followed up.

Bill met them about five miles out of Maple Creek, and reported that there wasn't a soul in the troop stationed there that knew Hetherington. "But they're dead on to Carney's racket, though," he said, "and when I told them that we'd captured him, they thought it was a pretty slick piece of business. They say he's harder to trap than a coyote."

"You see," said Carney to the Sergeant, "the easier you take this thing, and the less racket you make, the better you'll get along. If you get rusty and insist that you're the Sergeant, some of the fellows'll round on you, and the bad luck the thirteen eggs brought you'll be nothing to the trouble that you'll get into then."

As soon as they got into the fort, Hetherington saw at once that Carney must have been on the force at one time.

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He asked for the sergeant-major as soon as they rode into the barracks square, and asked him to report to the superintendent that he had brought in the desperado, Carney, who was wanted for horse-stealing and shooting a man.

"I was afraid to take him back to Fort McLeod," he said, "for fear he'd play some trick and get away. He almost made me believe he was somebody else until I found this letter on him addressed to John Carney."

It was in vain that the Sergeant swore that he was Sergeant Hetherington himself; the more he swore against the fate that had tangled him up the more they laughed at him, and told him to drop it.

Carney's reputation for slipping out of the toils stretched from Winnipeg to the highest point on the Rockies, but he'd find that he couldn't do them up at Maple Creek; they were on to him like game.

"Are you quite sure you're not Major Steel himself, or Commissioner Hackle?" asked the superintendent, looking at him with a knowing smile.

At this sally of wit Carney and the rest of them laughed so heartily, and the superintendent was so pleased with himself, that he told the prisoner he might sit down.

"Your police duties must make you tired," he said, with a wink at Carney.

"All the same, sir," said the poor Sergeant, tears almost starting to his eyes as he saw how completely he was in the other's clutches, "you'll be sorry for this when you find out what a mistake you're making."

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"Oh, no doubt, no doubt," said the superintendent. "When they find out that you're really a Sergeant on the force I'll be reduced to the ranks for this and you'll be made Inspector."

"At least, sir," said Hetherington, "you might keep this man who claims to be a sergeant here until this matter is cleared up."

"Capital, capital!" said the superintendent. "A capital idea. We'll keep him here so that your mate can get clear away; then I shall get promoted for that brilliant idea. You're bagged, but you'd rather that your mate got away, eh? Sergeant Hetherington here tells me that he was pretty hot on your mate's trail, and one of the objects for bringing you in here was that he might have his hands clear to follow it up."

So the Sergeant was put behind the bars, and Carney and Bill were made free of the canteen, and the superintendent congratulated himself upon the prospect of being able to forward Bull-dog Carney, who had been wanted at headquarters for some time.

Then, toward evening, when the fierce heat of the noonday sun had spent itself, Carney and Bill rode forth to hunt up the other man, "the mate," and Maple Creek never saw again the good police horses that went with them, nor the rifles, nor the revolvers, and it took a year's official correspondence to clear up the mystery as to who was to blame for committing Sergeant Hetherington, of the Northwest Mounted Police, as Bull-dog Carney, horse-thief, and extremely handy with a gun.

There is a legend that it never was cleared up.—Temple Bar.

# The Woman Who Laughed

### THE CAREER OF LITTLE JETTA

*By Marah Ellis Ryan*

*IN TWO PARTS: PART II*

*CHAPTER III*

EVIDENTLY Jetta and her father had lengthy talks on the subject, for it was not until a week later that the Professor signified his intention of leaving with Jetta for New York.

"It is her wish, Madame," he said to the remonstrances of Mother Newton, as she was called by the company. "I have long neglected her in many ways, I now see. Her mind is full of weeds. I cannot make argument that will take them away, but perhaps she will see mistakes there in the city, so I go."

It was a sad enough good-by after all, for Jetta, despite her ambition, found it was not so easy to turn away from the friends who knew her and loved her as did the "Original and Only," from the manager down to the bloodhounds.

"Do not look sorry, Jack," she whispered as she took the flowers he brought her. "You will be glad when I make a success. You will come then and see me, will you not?"

But Jack did not answer; he just shook hands with her and tried to smile, and the rest kissed her, and then they had started in the stage bound for a railway station. And she sank back in the corner with a big sigh, and looked at the pansies and yellow roses, and heard again the tenderness in his mother's voice as she said, "Good-by, child, and may God bless you."

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Jetta had heard few of those hearty blessings in her life—none from her father. Gentle and loving as he was to her, there seemed always something that closed his lips from blessings or prayers—something that checked all reference to any religious interests. Perhaps he deemed himself unfit, but it was at variance with the gentle, subdued tone of his character. Once, however, he had been appealed to in the company to act as a judge in the case of a quarrel, and had rather astonished them in the manner of his refusal.

"I cannot speak in the matter, gentlemen," he had said very quietly, "since to be friends each will have to forgive somewhat, and in my vocabulary there is no such word as 'forgive.'"

Jetta had heard and wondered what that meant, and had gone over the words of the prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive," and had been sorely puzzled in her mind as to whether or not her Papa Louis was forever shut out from Heaven. Her ideas of Heaven were rather vague—her belief in it rather uncertain. To be sure the part of Eva which she studied and played nightly abounded in expressions of unbounded faith, but then she had not much belief in Eva herself. She was too meek and pliable for any real child. So reasoned the little actress even while the public praised her sympathetic rendition of the part. Her father, indeed, knew little of her latent doubts. Her astute little mind had learned long ago more of his moods than he knew of hers, and any subject on which he was always silent she had grown to think of as one to be avoided. Yet the anomalous character was shown even in this, for though respecting his mistaken desires in the most filial manner she at the same time exacted compliance where her own were concerned, or, rather, her ambitions, as was shown in the final choice between the life of the country places and that of the paving stones.

How hot those stones can be in the summer time, and how pitiless the glare of reflected light on eyes used to the green of the fields! Jetta's eyes ached often, but she was too much of a Stoic to say so, and was willing to stand many aches to gain her ambition, as most have to.

"Will not the quiet of the rose cottage in the village be better?" asked her father, but she shook her head resolutely.

"No; it is good here; everything seems so alive. It is the place to live."

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To this man who once had been of the world, the return to it was not full of promise. His one hope was that her fancy would fade in the face of hard realities to be met, and then there was to be the retreat to some quiet home they would make together, where music was to be written that was beginning to come back to him, where a solid education should be given the child.

They had reached New York just too late to see the one they had come to see, and many futile endeavors were made for the engagement she so much longed for. But Jetta was persevering. "A little longer, Papa Louis," she would say. "Just one little while longer, and then we will hunt for the cottage if nothing occurs."

But something did occur; a grand spectacle was to be produced in which there was to be a ballet of children—children who were trained, and grouped, and posed, forming beautiful pictures, but saying nothing. One, however, was needed for an acting part, and, hearing of it, Jetta with her Papa Louis went to see the director.

She had been to the theatre the night before, when it had all looked like a dream of fairyland. But in the morning light, or half-light, and the dingy vastness of space back of the footlights, and the smell of glue and paint, and the dozens of adults and children, veiled and cloaked, looking tired and lounging in the shadows to talk in semi-tones, while the director, like a vivified exclamation point, commanded, entreated and ridiculed a battalion of ballet girls! oh, it was all very different, very prosaic. And the slight, refined French gentleman and the big-eyed child found themselves lost in the remoteness of their surroundings.

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"Oh! an actress?" remarked the director, looking down at her from the card of introduction. "What have you done?"

"I have been the 'star' of the 'Original and Only' all last season," said Jetta, answering for herself.

"The 'Original and Only' what?" asked the director, in a tone expressing his entire lack of knowledge of the organization. Then Louis Boust spoke.

"Sir, it is a small party. They play what you call the—the province. It is in your New England, and the child has played there the parts of the children until she was favorite. Now she would be pleased to play in the cities; that is all."

The director turned to the soft-voiced speaker. "Is she clever?"

How sharply Jetta's eyes turned to her father at the question.

"Yes, she is that; she is clever."

Just then a plump, gray-garbed young lady standing near spoke to the director in a tone implying an interest in the affair.

"Why don't you take her, Mr. Hannesly, if she can speak lines? We can't afford to wait indefinitely on that Ackerly child. And this one—turn around until we see your face, my dear. What a charming face! She would look the part without a touch of make-up; try her, by all means."

And Louis Boust bowed like a courtier in acknowledgment of the impulsive praise of his child, while his last hope was swept away by it, for through the fancy of the star for the eager young face Jetta was engaged for the part of "Zuliem," a sort of Arab Mercury. And the cottage in a rose garden, and murmuring music of returning content, both drifted back into the land from which visions come.

What endless posing and rehearsing bits of business there was in their little rooms, that were so far down in the French quarter, where Louis Boust's ears were greeted by the tongue that was familiar though the voices were all strange. No acquaintances of their past life were ever likely to be met in the tenement region of any city, and so the musician indulged some little homesick feeling that led him toward the bit of Bohemian France that was dropped in the corner of an American metropolis. And from this quaint region, where they lived so far into the sky, the child and her loving, reluctant guide went forth one December evening to meet the acclaim of which she dreamed—the judgment of a metropolitan audience on her work as an artist!

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Ah! What a blaze of light! What melodious waves seemed to waft the lily-like forms of the grand ballet! Could this life in any way belong to the life of the band of village comedians?

Jetta scarcely knew. The audacious little soul was dazzled and lost in the maze that moved about her, so intricately, yet with so much method. The Arab dress she wore may have had much to do with a certain shrinking of the heart that was generally so dauntless. If only the part were a natural one in a natural dress she would have felt different, but this—! It was, for all the splendor, only burlesque.

Then, as she stood waiting, there came to her more keenly than ever before an understanding of her father's contempt for the tinsel and the merely clever people who wore it, and glancing down at her own garb it seemed to fit her ill. She longed for the approbation of the people—yes—but——

At that moment came her cue; automatically the little slippered feet answered it and carried her into the blaze of light and the sight of the audience. But the old spirit that had thrilled her with delight in her work had vanished in that short, thoughtful wait in the "wings." She had some words to say—what were they? For a moment she could not remember. Her thoughts seemed all directed to the slight limbs incased in the dress that was strange, and she felt awkward and out of place. Someone whispered to her the lines. Half petulant at herself for needing a prompter, she spoke them as they were given to her, and so spoke them incorrectly. They did not rhyme with the lines that had gone before, and the entire performance was built on rhyme, if not reason. Her slip of the tongue made an awkward pause, and the pause was broken by the sweetest, lowest, most mocking of laughs—a little ripple of derision from one of the boxes. It was the first note of ridicule that had ever reached her ears, and it came like a blow. It was echoed by a few others, more thoughtless than vicious, and then from the gallery came a hiss!

Jetta did not know that it was to silence the laughter—that some one of the rabble she despised had turned champion for her against the jeweled aristocrats whose acclaim she had longed for. But like an automatic tune to the mainspring—pride—that governed her, she drew herself quickly erect, the dainty head poised defiantly and the brown eyes gleaming straight across the stage to that box from whence the first note of a remembered laugh had come!

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*CHAPTER IV*

AND then some one in the cast with ready wit started again the ball of burlesque rolling, and turned attention from the little *débutante*—the crushed star of the "Original and Only." She spoke her lines accurately after that, did not miss one, and except for the one glance of quivering rage, that was also hate, she did not turn her eyes toward the lower box, where a pretty blonde woman, with the artless face of a child, chatted and laughed, throwing her bouquet to the handsomest of the comedians and smiling up into the eyes of a man leaning over the back of her chair.

But Louis Boust grew uneasy at the sound of the accurate speech that was yet so metallic. All the soul was gone from her work. His loving heart grew anxious and puzzled, and when he knew her last scene was almost through he went down to the entrance nearest the footlights to await her final exit and take her to the dressing-room.

Standing there ever so little in sight of the audience, his tired eyes scarcely noting the work or the players, they yet fastened stubbornly on one face—that of the blonde, artless creature who had laughed first.

She did not see that quiet watcher across the stage, and when he turned away his hand covered his eyes as if to keep out the light, and Jetta had already made her exit and started across at the back on her way to the dressing-room to hide her emotion.

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No one seemed to know how it was that she did not reach it all right. Of course, there were many traps open, but all had been warned to keep clear of them, and how she could have walked over the edge like that none could explain. It was a fall of fourteen feet to the floor below, and when poor little "Zuliem" was picked up by tender hands something was broken in the slight frame—it could never again stand so proudly erect, nor care long for the approbation or ridicule of an audience.

"It all seemed dark, like night, when I left the footlights. It was as if I was made blind all in a moment," she said when she could speak; "and so it was I walked and did not see."

To the father more than to the child did the physician hesitate to tell the inevitable. He sat beside her with such a heart-break showing in his eyes that Jetta, seeing it, motioned him away.

"Tell me true," she said when only the doctor was with her. "I am no coward; do I—can I live?"

But there was no hope in her eyes, and no disappointment when he shook his head. Her very bravery made it hard for him to tell her the truth in words, or speak soothingly or reassuringly, as he could have done to one more childish.

"Will it be—long?"

"No, little girl—not long."

"Then send me Papa Louis, and—good-by."

So he was dismissed and left the room with eyes more misty than if listening to moans of agony.

"Papa Louis, do you know I have to go away from you?" she whispered, for the strength of the voice as well as of the frame was going. He nodded, pressing the little hands to his lips and burying his face on the pillow beside her to hide the grief he could not control.

"Papa," she said "where am I to go?"

Then he raised his head.

"You go to—to Heaven, my child, surely."

"No; not surely," she whispered, trying to smile bravely and face what she thought a fact. "I do not know how to go—no one in Heaven knows me. I am trying to think how it will seem to be left—outside."

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The man could not speak—could only look at her, such a tumult of emotions surging through the heart that had been fond but not wise in love. "Children are never left outside, Jetta," he said at last. "When God calls them from earth it is because He wants them in Heaven."

"Are you sure?" she whispered, "very sure? You never have told me anything of it—tell me—now."

And then he told her in tender, convincing words of a Child born on earth—years ago that very night—a Child who had been sent with messages of grace from above—of His promise that a path should be made clear through the darkness for timid feet, of the limitless love that awaited all wanderers. "I am glad it was you told it me—at last," she breathed. No record, not even of Holy Writ, would have been authentic to her without the stamp of his belief.

"I think I see now what it is the prayer means—about 'forgive.' I must try also to forgive if I am to find the way."

"To forgive me?" he asked, his head bent low beside her.

"No; I—I loved you always," she whispered. "But I hated some one much when I fell in the dark. It was the hate made me blind, maybe. To hear her—killed all my work—and me."

"Her?"

"The woman who laughed. She sat in—the box."

He did not ask what box, but his fingers clasped closely her own. Did he know?

"But it is not so hard to forgive her—now. She did not know how a laugh—could hurt. She only laughed like a baby, because others did—not to hurt—only she did not know."

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"See! Listen!" she added, a new thought bringing quicker speech and renewed light in her eyes. "Papa Louis, I have only been clever—in the world; no more. I can only say that—if they ask me—there in Heaven. But if I could do something! Can you not see? Will you not let me take that word 'forgive' to be put—on the book up there? Then maybe the angels would say I had been some use—some way."

"Yes," he said as she paused and looked at him, "take the word for me, Jetta. It may help me to live a life so that I may yet be with you. It is the only little ray of light that comes to me."

"More will come," she whispered, "much more. For you there will be the good work, for you have—genius. Maybe," she added, as if forgetful of his presence and only thinking aloud, "maybe we live many times and in some other life I had genius, too—and wasted it, and that is why I know when I see it, but cannot reach to it—here."

"Jetta!"

"Papa Louis, are you still there? Tell me again that story of the other Child who did carry the word from His father, this night, years, great years ago."

He tried to speak, but the sweetness of the old legend faltered on the tremulous lips, and she felt his hot tears falling on her hands. "Tell it with the music," she breathed, "and kiss me first."

Did the spirit imprisoned in the echoing wood know the duty demanded of it that it lent expression to the theme such as words could never convey? His hand was tremulous as his voice when he picked it up—only the moans from some darkness struggled to speech through it—echoes of past wanderings and present despair—only music of the dusk—of the shades of doubt filled the room.

"The word of the Christmas, Papa Louis—the word!"

Ah! what a flood of all that was joyous seemed to call through the music at the reminder! What warmth of reflected lights ushering in some new era of being. Such music as Louis Boust had only dreamed of came to him then and helped him tell the story of the Christ as he himself had not understood it ever before—all the tenderness of the pleadings and the strength of the promises, and the triumphant choir of angelic hosts!

But the eyes on the pillow opened and smiled. "The pain has gone, Papa Louis," she whispered, "driven out by the story you told—tell it always so—to the people, to little children, so they will know. That is why genius comes—to bring the word, and—papa! papa!"

And thus ere the last echoes of the story drifted upward to the stars, her little bit of life added its final earthly portion to God's plan, and when the bells of the churches rang out the Christmas chimes Louis Boust was alone with his dead child.

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In that crowded portion of the city where many children are let grow heedless of life as the weeds by the wayside, a man is often seen who gives his days to the gathering and garnering of those waifs. The habit of a brotherhood covers him, and through the vastness of a holy temple he still tells in music the story of the Christ. Many signs for sweet sounds are written by his hand to which no name is signed, and go out into the world where he will never again be known.

They say he tells that old legend of Bethlehem with the inspiration that breathes through his own music, and when asked the reason why his thoughts and care were only given to the young, he had answered:

"Through a child there came to me an understanding of the clouds in young minds. I only try to pay what I owe, and make offering of atonement for a sin that lies heavy on the life of many a parent—neglect of the young souls given into their keeping."

### *My Grandmother's Fan*

*By Samuel Minturn Peck*

IT OWNED not the color that vanity dons
Or slender wits choose for display;
Its beautiful tint was a delicate bronze,
A brown softly blended with gray. [break,
From her waist to her chin, spreading out without
'Twas built on a generous plan;
The pride of the forest was slaughtered to make
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

For common occasions it never was meant;
In a chest between two silken cloths
'Twas kept safely hidden with careful intent
In camphor to keep out the moths. [country-side,
'Twas famed far and wide through the whole
From Beersheba e'en unto Dan;
And often at meeting with envy 'twas eyed,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Camp-meetings, indeed, were its chiefest delight,
Like a crook unto sheep gone astray
It beckoned backsliders to re-seek the right,
And exhorted the sinners to pray.
It always beat time when the choir went wrong,
Psalmody leading the van.
Old Hundred, I know, was its favorite song—
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

A fig for the fans that are made nowadays,
Suited only to frivolous mirth!
A different thing was the fan that I praise,
Yet it scorned not the good things of earth.
At bees and at quiltings 'twas aye to be seen;
The best of the gossip began
When in at the doorway had entered serene
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Tradition relates of it wonderful tales.
Its handle of leather was buff.
Though shorn of its glory, e'en now it exhales
An odor of hymn-books and snuff.
Its primeval grace, if you like, you can trace,
'Twas limned for the future to scan,
Just under a smiling, gold-spectacled face,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

—Collected Poems.

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## *Studies in a New Language*

THEORIES of articulate language in the animal kingdom are advanced every day. Some of them are serious, like Professor Garner's notion of an intelligent and intelligible speech of apes, but the most interesting are those which treat of the matter in a half-humorous way which does not tax the credulity too far. Such a one is the theory of a feline tongue, exploited by the blind author, Marvin Clark, in his little book on Pussy and Her Language. He declares that the "smooth and liquid passages in our poets, which express onomatopœia, are but echoes from that most beautiful of all languages, that of the cat." The one most like it in human tongues, he says, is the Chinese, the sounds in each being musical, mellifluous and pleasing to the senses. As in the Chinese, too, words in the cat's language have various meanings, according to the inflection of the voice. The number of words is very great, but the author has made up no complete lexicon of them as yet.

The following seventeen are important and frequent in the conversation which cats struggle to carry on with members of the household: Aelio means food; lao, milk; parriere, open; aliloo, water; bl, meat; ptlee-bl, mouse meat; bleeme-bl, cooked meat; pad, food; bo, head; pro, nail or claw; tut, limb; papoo, body; oolie, fur; mi-ouw, beware; burrieu, satisfaction or content; ylaou, extermination; mi-youw, here. Of primitive words it is believed there are more than six hundred in the cat tongue, and many of these are obscure, for the cat relies greatly on signs for making its meaning clear to those who have neglected a study of its articulate speech. Thus the last word in the foregoing list is used by a matronly cat in calling her family together, and she will continue to use it while caressing them. But the meaning of the word is never so well understood by the kittens as when uttered in a sharp tone and repeated a number of times, more as an explosive than otherwise, for it is a warning of danger and a call for instant action from the mother cat, who is imperious in her demands for obedience.

Then there is the word "mi-yeouw," which is varied to "wow-teiouw-yow-tiow, wow-you-ts-s-syow!" ending in an explosion. The author believes that the word thus uttered signifies both defiance and a curse, "and comes near to bold, bad swearing."

There may be skeptical persons who will ridicule this theory, but we should say that it was just as reasonable as Professor Garner's, while the language of the cat sounds far more articulate and significant of design than the squeaky vocabulary which he brought home from gorilla land. One thing is certain, the means for carrying on investigations in the interesting field of feline language are available in almost every household, and to obtain the desired conversations from which a voluminous treatise upon it can be written it is not necessary to go to Africa and remain for six months shut up in a cage in the heart of the forest.

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A PERSON who recently took luncheon with Mr. Gladstone at Cannes is quoted as saying that Mr. Gladstone gave the following reply to a question as to what he thought the greatest danger threatening Great Britain—France, Germany, Russia or America: "None of them. The only danger I foresee is from the trade-unions and their attendant strikes."

# *The Passing of Spain*

### *CAUSES OF THE DECLINE OF A GREAT NATION*

*By Elizabeth M. Howe*

WHAT is to be the final outcome for Spain? Has she a future, or is the Spaniard to be added to the list of "beaten men of beaten races"? There is much evidence in support of the latter view. In the first place, Spain's poverty is not only deep but disgraceful, since it persists in the face of ample natural resources. It represents, not circumstances, but character.

Spain's mineral wealth is greater than that of almost any other European country; eighty per cent. of her soil is reckoned as productive, and her varied climate makes possible a great range of agricultural products. There has been no considerable war since the days of Napoleon to waste her resources, and her geographical position has so protected her that she has been spared the great expenditures for fleets and standing armies which other nations have had to meet. But, in spite of all this, she is to-day stricken, bankrupt, and impotent, with debts which she can never meet, with the highest rate of illiteracy in Europe, excepting that of Portugal and the Italian islands (in 1889, the latest date for which figures can be found, 71.5 per cent. could neither read nor write), and without even that hope for the future which a normally increasing population would give. From 1860 to 1877 the annual increase of population was one-third of one per cent., and in the next ten years it was one-half of one per cent. per annum. The rate for England for the period most nearly corresponding to the last decade was 11.65. Russia alone, with her vast stretches of arctic steppes to be taken into account, has a lower average density of population than Spain. The latter has but eighty-eight inhabitants to the square mile; the average for England is four hundred and ninety-seven.

The Spanish fields to-day are vacant, the towns so strangely empty that they seem unreal. Cordova, that once splendid metropolis of the Moors, the Mecca of the West, the resort and birthplace of scholars, the centre of a great commerce, with a busy population of almost a million, is now a city under enchantment, the spellbound quality of whose grass-grown streets and silent plazas is as impossible to reproduce through the pages of an American journal as it would be to raise a genie by diligently rubbing a street-lamp on Fifth Avenue.

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This wasted shadow of a once great capital is the unhappy type that confronts one again and again. With the exception of Madrid, which is an arid and rustic Paris, and of Seville, with its careless gayety, the Spanish city is a place of crumbling walls and blank façades, of deserted streets, of languid vistas of poverty, of vacuity, of desolation, and of ruin to an incredible degree. There is no commerce; there is often even no traffic. The heavy atmosphere of decay hangs over the shrunken towns and villages, and on every hand are the signs of ebbing National life. The unaided Yankee imagination cannot construct for itself a picture of Spain's decrepitude. It must be seen to be believed. The poverty is more than the lack of material assets or wealth-making ideas; it is the appalling lack of men. And Spain has handled her scanty resources in a fashion that is either criminally careless or the method of a nation reduced to desperate straits.

The newspaper reports that the Spanish troops in Cuba are made up largely of boys of sixteen or eighteen years is, unfortunately, but too true. These young fellows, drawn for their first military training, who have never stood in rank or shouldered a musket, have furnished a considerable proportion of the Spanish forces in Cuba almost from the beginning of the present campaign.

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A detachment of these boys, lined up one day at Algeciras preparatory to embarking, was a sufficiently clear indication of the available resources of the nation. They were ragged, many of them barefoot, all of them hatless, according to the definition of a hat which insists that it shall have both crown and brim, cheerful with the unreasoning cheerfulness of youth, which still looks on good fortune as its birthright—as pitiful food for powder as was ever seen. And as background to their pathetic youth were the empty farms and half-deserted villages from which they had been torn. Spain has thrown her seed-corn into the hopper.

Methods of work and the standard of living among the mass of the Spanish people are as primitive as their worst enemy could desire. The home of a well-to-do peasant is a thatched and whitewashed hut, not so good as most negro cabins in our Southern States, with rude openings for doors and windows, while hundreds occupy caves hollowed out in the hillsides. A skillful farm-hand earns, at the season when he is most in demand, but three pesetas a day—about sixty cents—and out of that sum he boards himself. At other times he earns half a peseta daily—ten cents—if he is living at the expense of his employer, or one peseta if he boards himself. He is heavily and capriciously taxed, he is subject to a long term of military service, he is abjectly religious and desperately ignorant.

But no depths of poverty, however dire, except perhaps a poverty in men, are conclusive evidence of a permanent decline. The reasons for believing that Spain's is such lie outside her immediate dolors, and are, in the main, three.

First, she has a low potential. A nation, like an individual, needs, for the effective expression of its best self, the opportunities suited to its special gifts. The nature of those opportunities and the way they are met is the measure of its ability to achieve—its potential. Spain represents to-day the lowest ebb in the declining fortunes of the Latin race in Europe, and, unlike the two other great branches of that race—the French and the Italian—her record does not argue that her strength is merely in abeyance.

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She was at her best at the time when every man was a fighter, holding fiercely to a narrow allegiance. Her loss of prestige since that time has been steady, and her contributions toward the betterment of the conditions of human life infinitesimal. She probably stands alone among modern nations in having refused even the measure of freedom within her reach. It was the people, not Royalty, who, as late as 1815, removed the "Stone of the Constitution"—the inscription "Libertad"—on the public buildings, and demanded the abolition of freedom of the press and the reëstablishment of the Inquisition. She has been unfaltering in her devotion to the petty view, the reactionary policy, the stifling atmosphere.

It is a very descriptive fact that, except for the work of some of her great painters, the Spain of the Spaniards imposes nothing upon the attention which even throws into perspective the domination and achievements of the Moor. The tradition that the Alhambra would not pass out of the possession of the Moors until the sculptured hand on the Gate of Justice should grasp the key also carved upon it, has had an unforeseen fulfillment. For Granada, to-day, is not so much the land of Ferdinand and Isabella as of the Saracen from whom they wrested it; and the Moor, by virtue of his genius, holds Spain still. Five centuries an exile, he still throws the Spaniard into eclipse.

Second, Spain is still, in essentials, a mediæval nation. She is slothful, ignorant, intolerant, and superstitious. She is suspicious and cruel. She is also haughty, which is distinctly an archaic quality. The growth of modern civilization has been due, speaking broadly, to three factors—the forcing of Nature to do the drudgery, the abandonment of illogical methods of thought for those more advanced, and the development of the habit of cooperation. But in none of these directions has Spain made any substantial progress. To use Dr. Holmes' phrase, she is still eminently "unsocialized."

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Her commercial insignificance is due fundamentally to this fact, that she is even now in the A B C of the communal virtues, and that she has not the shoulder-to-shoulder habit which builds up communities. What industries Spain has are largely in the hands of foreigners. "And why?" said a Spaniard, himself a business man. "Because it is hard for two Spaniards to trust each other enough to work together, and three cannot."

Comparatively good order reigns throughout the kingdom to-day, but the state of affairs which had to be met was that of a people with primitive conceptions of social relations. It was every man for himself; and matters have improved because the police authorities have succeeded so often in catching the hindmost.

But why should this be? It has been attributed to internal distrusts and jealousies due to the different strains in the population; but Spain has not had more diverse elements to control than Germany, or Austria, or Italy, or the United States, or England. Why has she alone resisted the great movement toward unification and comradeship? Her failure cannot fairly be laid at the door of the Government, since the Spaniard has simply wavered between a toleration of and a preference for bad rulers for many hundreds of years; but it must, in all truth, be charged to the Spaniard himself, and to a weakness—now become a fatal weakness—in his mind and character. He has been unfortunate in occupying a geographical position which has made it easy for him to keep out of the great current of life, and, corrective effort on his part being lacking, he has come under the operation of one of those inexorable laws of Nature to whose force the Spanish mind is so oblivious.

That law is simply the fixing of a type by inbreeding—a fact known to every manager of a stock farm, and as true of the human animal as of others. The Morgan horse, whose blood tells in spite of the mixture of other strains in every one of his descendants, is a case in point. The Puritan, who, secluded in New England, developed and fixed a type of character which has dominated this country, is another.

It is this physiological law which pronounces the doom of the Spaniard; for, unfortunately, this intensification of traits by inbreeding works as surely for evil as for good, and, through its continued operation, the Spaniard has become proof against the effective impact of modern ideas. The accident of geographical position and the pride of race have contributed to this result, and the centuries of isolation have produced their result. The Spaniard is irrevocably a mediæval man; the type has ceased to be plastic. When that is recognized, the question of Spain's future is practically answered.

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In what way the final passing of Spain will shape itself cannot be discussed here. As a factor in vital questions, she is already spent. Her neighbor, Portugal, might be called The Forgotten Kingdom, so completely is she out of the world to-day; and Spain herself is alive by virtue of her debts and her traditions. Both are great, but they are insufficient props for a Kingdom. Her poverty will protect her from effacement for some time, just as it has protected her in the past; but, when the end comes, it will be a very complete extinction, since she will not survive, as ancient Greece has or Italy would, as an influence.

She has been a fairly faithful guardian of those incomparable treasures, the Alhambra and the Mosque of Cordova, bequeathed her by the Moors, and for that we are her debtors. But, beyond that, the memory of a great Queen, the work of two or three great painters, and of an equally meagre roll of writers, almost measure her bequest to us. It is a pitiful but perfectly logical outcome; for her history, while it has been brilliant and at times almost great, has been characterized always by the lack of sympathetic motives and fruitful ideas. Her great epochs have been the epochs of able rulers, never those of a people moved by the stirrings of a broadening life. And to-day Spain is effective simply to point a moral and equip a paradox. The moral, like most good morals, has seen service, and is, that effort is the law of life, and that he who breaks it is sure to reap the consequences. And the paradox, too, is simple—that the only live things in Spain are those that are dead and gone. Her leading citizens are ghosts.

Whether Cuba wins her freedom now is, for that island, a matter of great importance; but so far as Spain's future is concerned, the immediate outcome one way or another is but an incidental detail in the progress toward an inevitable end.—The Outlook.

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### *The Sheik's Venture in Verse*

THE mighty Sheik Abdullah spake one day to the Court sage, old Enekazi, as follows:

"You are always ready to give sensible advice, O Enekazi; perhaps you could tell me which of my councilors are really sincere."

"A very simple matter," replied the sage confidently. "I will tell you at once, mighty Sheik, how it is to be managed. Go and compose a long ballad this very day."

"Stop!" interrupted the Sheik. "You forget that I am no poet."

"That's just it, mighty Sheik! Go and write at once a long ballad and read to your assembled councilors."

"But, Enekazi, bear in mind that I never wrote a line of poetry in my life."

"So much the better! When you have read the long ballad to your courtiers you will judge of the effect yourself. To-morrow I will come and hear of your observations."

The next day the wise Enekazi entered, saying:

"Did you follow my advice, mighty Sheik?"

"Certainly."

"And what happened after you had read your ballad?" inquired the old man, smiling.

"Oh, I was completely taken by surprise. One exclaimed that this was the long-sought-for ballad of the great poet, Ibu Yemin; another, that I was a new, bright luminary in the firmament of poetry; a third craved permission to cut off a small piece of my robe in memory of the eventful occasion and the immortal bard—in a word, they were all in ecstasies, and praised my ideas and my language up to the skies."

"And what about old Henri Adin?" eagerly questioned the sage.

"Ah, he dropped to sleep while I was reading."

"Ha, ha! What did you conclude from that, mighty Sheik?" said the old man triumphantly.

"What conclusion could I come to," replied the Sheik, with some surprise, "if not the same as all the rest, namely, that I possess very great talent for poetry?" Enekazi salaamed, lighted his chibouk, and—held his peace; for he was, in sooth, a wise man in his day and generation.—Fliegende Blätter.

# Tendencies of Recent Fiction

## CHARACTERS AND PROBLEMS IN NOVELS

*By Rev. David Beaton*

THE days when I first read Sir Walter Scott I can never forget. What new worlds were opened to the vision of youth! The freshness, the charm, the exhilaration of it all, the dramatic movement, the romance of adventure and love, the living contact with great historic characters—it was all a revelation of life at its best. Now after these years it comes to me as one of those sweet dreams of which Amiel sighed, "Let me dream again."

Are we not in danger in our maturer years of forgetting that earlier delight in the poetry and heroisms of life that made us partly poets and heroes ourselves? May we not be found looking into recent fiction for those doctrinal teachings and philosophies of life that hold a peculiar fascination for us, but which escape the mind of the ordinary reader? To them the charm is in the story. They want to get away from the prosaic life of business and the monotony of toil; they want "on honey dew to feed, and drink the milk of paradise"; and they find this solace in the glamour of imaginative literature. Though we may not take the novel too seriously, nor search too curiously for heresy, yet as the popular textbook on social, industrial, religious and sex questions it has to be fairly reckoned with by the spiritual leaders of the time in all its phases.

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Any large acquaintance with recent fiction "gives the mind pause" in the attempt to answer the question, "Is recent fiction serving the interests of religion?" He would be a very sanguine or a very ignorant person who should do so with a simple yes or no. The practice of novel reading among young and old is so general as to amount to a revolution in education. Grant Allen says he could get no adequate hearing for his scientific ideas on society till he began to write stories. People leave the works of Taylor and McLellan untouched and read The Woman Who Did, The African Farm and The Heavenly Twins, and flatter themselves that they know all there is to say about the sex question and marriage in modern life. Even serious students turn from Marx, Riis and Booth to the pages of Marcella or The King's Highway for light on social reforms.

Thus the immature minds of youth and the undisciplined minds of the general public are exposed to the gravest perils as much from the novels of purpose as from those of the rankest sensationalism. The novelist is a sort of providence to his creations. To put the semblance of life into his characters, and give them dramatic force and reality, he must assume a depth of wisdom and knowledge of life little short of omniscience. He, or rather she, allows no facts of history, theories of philosophy or religious creeds to stand in the way of the most widly improbable spiritual experiences of any of her characters if they are needed to bolster up a social fad or new-fangled doctrine, or furnish the red fire for the melodramatic martyrdom of the hero while holding the stage.

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An instance of this is found in Amelia Barr's story, The King's Highway, where psychology, Scripture and the unrepentant end of man himself are all swept aside by the modern Mrs. Partington with her brand new broom of sentimental theology. Even the holy grief of a wife and daughter must not be allowed to make ducks and drakes of the spiritual verities upon which the dignity of the soul rests. But this is how the novelist walks unmoved past all these interests to her purpose. At the deathbed of the father, the daughter, feeling that the ruling passion is strong in death, presses some greenbacks into the dying worldling's hand as a sort of Wall Street extreme unction; then, seeing that he has gone, she breaks out, "Father will now see right and wrong with the eyes of immortality. Do you think his soul will cease to pray when it has left the body?" Shades of Calvin and Arminius! Schools of the prophets from Shiloh to Andover, what does all your mental agony amount to when with the stroke of her infallible pen the novelist can sweep away your mightiest doctrinal systems?

The majority of young readers do not know that learned, sincere and brilliant intellects pause reverently before those subjects which the novelist decides off-hand. The half-baked social theories of a Steve Lloyd, half socialist, half hobo, and the gush of a silly girl are to them a gospel of real life. Some questions of a like kind arise out of The Christian, which, as Lang says, "might be called a tract compiled conjointly by the editors of the War Cry and the London Journal," which is neither an intellectual masterpiece nor a fair statement of present conditions of Christian work. It is a vexed question yet whether John Storm is meant to be a self-deceived fanatic or a modern Christ, but a man who could love the abnormal and detestable heroine of the theatres and music halls of London, masquerading in man's clothes, and for such an "attractive innocent" could leave his Anglican monastery and throw his reform work to the winds must excuse us if we refuse to see anything of a hero or martyr in him.

Another book largely read by religious people is The Choir Invisible, one of the leading literary works of the year. But what are we to say of the subject which the author makes the chief attraction of the story? "This thing of making a point of delight with the love of a married woman for a man not her husband is absolutely immoral if anything is immoral," and in doing this James Lane Allen, together with Tolstoi, Hardy and Grant Allen, have taken a long step in the repudiation of moral responsibility in literature. It must be said in all candor that the author, if he had to deal with a subject so delicate, has done so with taste and discretion; and in some cases, to my knowledge, by readers of culture and spiritual sympathies, no unfavorable impression has been received; but rather an uplift at the thought that such a temptation may be overcome. It remains, however, that a preference for such subjects shows a decadent literary spirit, and is inimical to a pure, vigorous Christian life.

A wholesome story of pure love between a manly fellow and a modest girl is, to my thinking, a healthier diet for the imagination of our Christian youth, and a far nobler sign of our civilization, than the hysterics of reform, the indelicacies of the woman question, and the theological gush which makes vicious characters shining saints at their last gasp. Novels of this sort, feverish, restless, gloomy and morbid, are the Dead Sea fruit of literature. This literary pessimism is an evidence of low vitality, of want of faith, barrenness of ideas and decadent art. I frankly admit that a novel with a purpose gives me a prejudice against it, for even in the hands of such masters as Hall Caine and Amelia Barr the purpose has turned the preaching to rant, and the reform ardor to melodrama. In the end it will ruin morals as well as fiction if the reader can see the candles, the ropes and tawdry properties of the stage behind the lay figure which the novelist sets up for a prophet or a preacher. We do not ask of the novel pious instruction, but we do claim of it, as of all literature and art, "the sense that life is good"; without this sense literature as religion is but dust and ashes, and of little worldly concern.

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But there are bright spots, nay, large sunlight areas of meadow, lake and wood, in the landscape of recent fiction. American literature is enriched by a noble national theme, worked out with true literary skill, in Hugh Wynne—a book that happily illustrates the religious value of true literature. "The author," says a critic in the British Weekly, "has a singular power of conceiving what is excellent in character, and of setting it in a situation that elicits virtue." There you have the whole subject of good and bad fiction in a nutshell. One rises from reading Hugh Wynne with an accession of mental vitality, a larger hope, and a sweet sense of the love of life.

The same perception of the moral excellence of great thoughts, even on the most humble and obscure lives, is seen in Through Lattice Windows. Solomon Gill is a Christian hero because even the workhouse cannot separate him from Christ, nay, not even degrade *him*—"The dear Lord went lower nor that to save me." On all that rich vein of Drumtochty and Thrums gold of Maclaren's and Barrie's the thoughtful public has already set its broad seal of approval, and the characters have become our friends, while their experiences are a vital part of our religious life. The source of their power lies far back in race heritage and national character, for they picture the life of a race, furnishing that unfailing interest felt always by the common people in the tears and laughter of men of flesh and blood. It is not merely that they are racy of the soil, that the local color is correct, that humor and pathos are, as in real life, close together, and that the intellectual and moral ideas of the people are akin to the progressive thought of Europe and America; but the authors have seen that spiritual ideals of life alone dignify human nature, and thus they touched those perennial fountains of faith and hope which spring up in the bosom of man with the joy and strength of confidence in eternal life.

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It must be acknowledged that such books as Marcella, A Singular Life and Marm Lisa, with the strenuous note of reform, the equality of woman and the labor problem, show that fiction is not concerned alone with fashionable women, lords and millionaires rioting in material pleasures, but is interested in the struggles of the poor and the social aspirations of the common people. There is in such fiction a sincere thought, and a splendid sympathy with industrial conditions and the tragedy of modern life, that will make those characters as worthy of interest as Hamlet or Desdemona. Conventional habits of thought and methods of work may be somewhat wildly disregarded in the zeal of reform, but one safe, sane order of thought and purpose runs through them all—namely, the recognition of the claims of the common people to the fruits of Christian progress, and the need of going back to the example of the Founder of Christianity and the first workers in the Gospel for guidance.

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Closely related to this lies the realistic movement which has wrought such havoc in reckless hands; but even books like The Woodlanders, The Manxman and A Summer in Arcady bring us face to face with phases of life which the religious parent and teacher are bound to consider. There is evidence abroad that the reason and modesty of intelligent authors are leading them to see that good art is really good morals; and the favor of the public can only be permanently secured by the writer who has a genuine regard for the sanctities of the home and the elevation of the family.

Quo Vadis strikes a clear, commanding note, and its influence is all for the spiritual conception of life. It has done noble service already among the more thoughtful people in presenting, in such telling contrast, the hard, cruel, even fiendish spirit of pagan Rome to the grace, love and purity of Christianity. It incidentally contrasts also the simplicity of the faith and the unselfishness of the lives of the early believers with the self-indulgence and worldly ideals of modern Christianity; but in this, too, it will do much good. In this age of criticism of the church and creeds, no literature is of more value than that which gives the long historical perspective of life and shows us the dark, ignoble picture of the pagan world without Christ and His church.

Books like The Seats of the Mighty, Soldiers of Fortune, Lochinvar and On the Face of the Waters, which give us the romance of history, stirring adventure and wholesome love, have such universal favor with the public that it must be accepted as a sign of a healthy love of Nature and honest, brave men and sweet, modest women. The books that can take us out to the open, let us hear the jingle of the spurs like bells in the night ride, regale us with deeds of courage, tales of love and the quiet patience of faith are greatly helpful to good health, good temper, and so, likewise, to good morals.

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The trend of recent fiction shows clearly that the problems of the age, in spite of the discoveries of science and the exaltation of material comfort, are all spiritual; and there is a growing conviction that they must be spiritually solved. But the best service of recent fiction is the creation of a few splendid characters, who must long remain a spiritual heritage of the race, such as Marget, the sainted mother; Doctor Maclure, the hero; Lady Maxwell, the calm, sufficient worker; Leeby, the devoted sister and delightful gossip; Jack Warder, the trusty and tender friend; and Hope Langham, the sweet and sympathetic lady love; for, after all, it is the physical and spiritual sanity of such genuine creations that influence the religious life of the people.—The Congregationalist.

# Most Popular Monarch in Europe

## KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK

AMONG the many crowned Kings of Europe there is none more popular than King Christian of Denmark, but the reason of this popularity, both at home and abroad, is not so easy to explain. Perhaps it is because no one suspects him of sinister motives, nor of inscrutable schemes against the peace of Europe. Another may be that every one knows his aversion to publicity. He never appears at public festivals unless it is a case of necessity; never makes a speech unless compelled. King Christian is nothing if not a husbandman, although he lives in a large capital and seaport, Copenhagen. The home-land of Denmark would, in Western America, pass for a good-sized ranch, as it means only fourteen thousand square miles, but the other lands belonging to Denmark—Greenland, Iceland and the West Indies—are rented to official tenants. By this simple plan King Christian manages to keep his family in comfortable style even for Royal blood.

It is by no means a rare event for His Majesty to drive through the principal streets of the ocean-bordered boulevards of his beautiful capital, the Venice of the North, in an open carriage, with scarce any suite. On such occasions the populace, though numbering a large percentage of socialists and radicals, show their affectionate regard for the aged sovereign as truly as if he were a laurel-crowned Cæsar returning from victory.

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In no instance recorded has the homely beauty of this nobleman's character, whose fortune, or misfortune, it has been to be born to Royal honors, been brought into bolder relief than on his visit to his distant and somewhat recalcitrant subjects in Iceland. The occasion was the millennial festival of the island in 1874, and the King, profiting by improved facilities of ocean travel, honored these proverbially litigious and at that time actually rebellious tenants of his snow farm, by going to Reykjavik, and thus being the first crowned King to set foot on the land of the Eddas. There, too, among the lavas and glaciers of that land, King Christian won a signal victory, greater than the exploiting tactics of monopolists, or the subtleties of jurists, and greater than that won by force of arms; for the little nation of Iceland has never been conquered in war. King Christian won the victory in his usual style. Clad in civilian costume, he entered the capital of Reykjavik, a port of two thousand inhabitants. He was met by His Grace, the Bishop of the island, and His Excellency, the Governor, both in official dress, and by them escorted up the principal street of the village. Thence he proceeded, riding on the half-wild Iceland pony, to the historic plain of Thingvellir, and was present at the national gathering on the very site of the ancient Althing, the famous tribune of the ancient Icelandic Republic; and there listened to some high-pitched oratory in the language of the brave old Norsemen—an oratory he must have envied.

Just imagine a real live sovereign standing in the midst of Icelandic peasants and fishermen, a rough-visaged crowd, good-natured enough just now, but still of such temper as might, under pressure, Hecla-like, remind one of former days; and to run this risk without any other body-guard than a few peaceable Danes and a sprinkling of gold-braided sheriffs. Profiting by seeing the singular and self-willed Icelander at home, the people whose complaints and demands he had listened to more or less unwillingly ever since his ascent of the throne, the King thought it would probably gladden the inhabitants of Snowland if he satisfied some of their most ardent prayers, and the most acceptable thing he could think of was to grant them a measure of self-government. Producing a document to that effect when the festivities were at their height, and the grass-green plain covered with thousands, the sober-minded King, in the presence of his officials and the assembled multitude, handed over the documents granting Iceland home-rule, and, practically, independence.

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But the most characteristic anecdote told of King Christian during his stay in Iceland is of the homeliest description. His Majesty would often saunter beyond the outskirts of the capital, apparently to obtain a fuller view of the varied landscape—mountains, valleys, glaciers, islands—and would, for minutes together, stand on some eminence, where, perhaps, a group of old-fashioned huts, such as travelers love to sketch, were huddled together. Into one of these, the most dilapidated of the lot, the King on one of these occasions entered, and in so doing he must have doffed his hat and walked more bent than is his wont; for the passage of an Iceland hut will not yield much to a fox-hole in length and breadth—a device, of course, to keep out the frost. The King did get in, however, and finding there a little boy building what he called a house of sheep's bones, the King asked if he might have the house. "No," said the boy; "it is mine own." The King, thinking the boy was remarkably deficient in intelligence, pulled out a coin and asked him whose head was stamped on the coin. "Looks much like you, man," said the youngster without a moment's hesitation; and the King, seeing that his intelligence was quite equal to his independence, patted the boy on the head and gave him the coin. This story had traveled over the island even before the news of the home-rule presentation. The fact was, the people accepted his home-rule presentation as a part-payment of their claims, but his kindness as his own.

Thus it is that King Christian holds his place as a sovereign, not because of exceptional ability, nor even by right of inheritance, but by the power of his inexhaustible kindness.—Chambers's Journal.

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CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE NEEDED.—In a Washington county town a little while ago, the local champion liar was brought up before the justice for stealing hens. It was a pretty plain case, and by the advice of his lawyer the prisoner said: "I plead guilty." This surprising answer, in place of a string of lies expected, staggered the justice. "I guess—I'm afraid—well, Hiram," said he, after a pause, "I guess I'll have to have more evidence before I sentence you."

## Character in the Face

*HOW TO READ NATURE'S SIGNS*

HOWEVER dishonest a person may be, and however clever in concealing his character, his face will throw out a warning for those who know how to interpret it; "either his round, smooth features, or his oblique glance, eyebrows, eyes, nose and mouth, and pointed chin will reveal him in his true colors." This sweeping statement may be called in question, but Richard Dimsdale Stocker is very positive that it is well founded, and in The Humanitarian he tells how the facial indexes to character may be read.

If the face be divided by two imaginary horizontal lines, that division including the forehead and eyes indicates the extent of intellectual capacity, that including the nose and cheek bones indicates will power, that including cheeks, lips, jaws, and chin indicates the feelings. So much for the general indications. Mr. Stocker then proceeds to be more specific in his information.

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First, as to the forehead, the seat of the intellect: If the lower part be the fullest, so that it advances over the eyes, it indicates that the observing powers and practical faculties are in the ascendency; should the upper section be prominent or bulge forward it shows that the reasoning powers and theoretical side of the individual are strongly represented; while, if it be filled out in the middle, and fullest in the centre, it then denotes that the comparative faculties are in evidence, and that the person possessed of it has the ability to classify, to arrange his ideas, to criticise, and reason by analogy, and recollect what has taken place.

Viewed full-face: A wide forehead shows a broader mind than does a narrow one; and a high forehead indicates more intuition and loftier characteristics than a low one.

A forehead greatly developed above, which sinks in near the eyes, indicates an infantile, crude personality.

Next as to eyebrows, the contour, position and extent of which show the development of the perceptive organs:

Straight eyebrows show orderly habits, a methodical turn of mind; arched or pointed ones, perception of color, taste in the arrangement of tints and the ability to match shades and hues; while such as are set far apart from each other show the capacity for judging of sizes and proportions with a greater or less amount of accuracy. If the eyebrows bend down in the middle toward the eyes, so that they appear indented, as it were, they show a nature that is disposed neither to forgive nor forget, and that is resentful, or apt to give "tit for tat."

According to the greater amount of space between the ridge of the eyebrow at its outer terminus and the corner of the eye can be determined the calculative powers.

When the outline of the eyebrows is straight it indicates sincerity and frankness—if, however, it should be oblique, and the hairs spring from the roots of the nose, it shows elusive and deceptive tendencies.

The eye, we are told, shows by its fullness and convexity the power of speech. The size of the eye shows the degree of sentiment, fancy, regard for the opposite sex. The distance between the eyes indicates power of remembering forms and outlines.

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No other feature of the face is so full of meaning as the nose. The mere size counts for little; but its height above the cheeks unerringly indicates mental capacity and elevation of character. A pug or snub indicates either immaturity or arrested development; a Roman arch, love of power; a Greek straight nose, refinement, artistic taste, love of peace; the turn-up means vivacity and cheerfulness; the drooping-down nose, prudence, reflection, and usually melancholy; the hooked or beak-like nose, love of gain.

The lips are the signs of passion and appetite. The upper lip, according to its fullness and redness, shows the extent of the social attributes; the lower, the domestic traits.

Thick lips denote sensuality and love of the good things of life; thin lips, oppositely, indicate a want of vitality, and but little capacity either for enjoyment or affording pleasure to others. The "happy medium"—the "proper mean"—is the best; such lips indicating a full share of the milk of human kindness, and a loving, sympathetic, feeling nature.

Up-turned lips indicate a witty, mirthful nature; but such as descend at the angles of the mouth denote a gloomy temperament.

When the space from the nose to the opening of the mouth (*i. e.*, that part of the face which is often spoken of as the "upper lip") is long, stiff and full, it shows self-reliance and confidence in one's own opinions and ideas—pride.

If this portion of the face is short and concave, when looked at in profile, so that the upper lip rises and exposes the teeth to view, the exact opposite state of affairs exists, *viz.*, love of commendation and the desire to be thought well of by others—vanity.

A chin projecting downward and forward indicates firmness; a short and retreating chin shows instability; a narrow chin shows an unscrupulous, cunning nature; a wide chin, a well-developed sense of honor.

## In the Language of Dress

*POPULAR FABRICS AND THEIR NAMES*

*By Stanhope Sams*

IT SEEMS all the more remarkable that the history and significance of clothes have not been treated of, when it is observed that both their origin and their meaning are conveyed in the very language of dress. It has been assumed that every word means something, is not mere jargon to which some meaning has become attached, and if it be traced far enough, or questioned closely enough, will disclose its own history. This seems especially true with respect to the names of our garments and the materials from which they are fashioned. Hence it is possible to learn from the name of every garment, and of almost every material of which clothes are made, the men who first wore it, the country or locality in which it originated, or the person or town that first manufactured or introduced it.

Silk, which is one of the most royal of fabrics, is also one of the oldest. The Western world received it from China, where it had been used for unknown ages. Its Western name, "sericus," is taken from "seres," the Roman name for the people who lived on the "plains of Sericana,"

"where Chinese drive
With sails and wind their cany wagons light."

Serge is etymologically the same word, as it also comes from "sericus." "Satin," too, means silk, as it is derived from the low Latin "setinus," or silk.

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After the fabric and its name had been introduced in Europe, local names sprang up to indicate different varieties of silk, which were also, for the most part, first manufactured in the East. "Taffeta" has been referred to the name of a quarter in Bagdad, called Atab or Atabiya, where the silk manufacturers had congregated. While it seems extremely probable that the "Tabby," or mottled cat, can claim its origin in the proud city of the Califs, this common derivation of the name, applied to a fashionable kind of silk, is, unfortunately, not so poetic.

Taffeta is a strong silk, woven with a peculiar twisting of the threads; and its name is traceable to the Persian word "tafta," from "taftan," to twist. Moiré or moreen silk, also comes from the East, and was introduced by the Moors, as its name plainly indicates. Damask reveals its origin in Damascus. Surah silk came from Surat, India; and Paduasoy, or Padua silk, a great favorite in the courts of Europe two centuries ago, is merely a variety first manufactured in Padua, after Piedmont became the silk-producing region of Europe.

The origins of different fabrics can generally be traced to one of the three great seats of trade and manufacture during the Middle Ages. Industries, as civilization itself, came from the East. The great intellectual awakening of the East, under the stimulus of Arabic culture and luxuriance, was accompanied by a corresponding awakening in all branches of industry and trade. Bagdad, during the beneficent reign of Harun-al-Rashid, became the seat of luxury and the intellectual and literary capital both of Islam and of the world. Thence the industrial and fine arts were transferred by Saracen, and Moor, and Osmanli to the two extremities of Europe. When Moslem industries began to wane, they were succeeded by those of Flanders, and the latter were, in turn, succeeded by those of northern Italy. These were the well-established centres of manufacture in mediæval times. Other localities, such as many in France, Spain and England, are well known for their commercial activity, but they were not in a large sense origins of modern manufacture.

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To the earliest of these industrial seats, the Mohammedan Empire, with Bagdad as its centre, may be traced a large number of the fabrics now in use. This city, as has been seen, soon became the mart of silk manufacturers. It also attracted the commerce of other cities and countries, and served as a perpetual bazaar or fair for the interchange of trade between the East and the West. Muslin is a word that we got through the French "mousseline," which indicates that the fabric was first made in Mosul, a city on the Tigris, not far from Bagdad; while "baudekin," the rich embroidered silk that was once used by Kings and Bishops, came from the royal city of the Califs itself.

Gauze is supposed to have come from Gaza, and "sarcenet" clearly shows by its name that it was brought into Europe by the Saracenic invaders of Spain and Sicily. Cashmere, as it is called when worn by ladies, or cassimere, as it is known when worn by men, was brought from the Valley of Kashmir, and nankeen came from Nankin, or Nanking, the "southern capital" of China. Calico first came from Calicut, although it is now sold in that town by the enterprising English mills.

The same Saracenic torch-bearers of science and the arts brought with them from Fostat, the old name of Cairo, and now a suburb of that city, the famous fustian that has played such a conspicuous part in the history of textile fabrics and in the language of metaphor. The Saracens also invented jeans, so named from the city of Jaen, one of the Moorish capitals in Spain. They also devised the glories of Cordovan leather, in which Miles Standish and a thousand other buckram warriors delighted.

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Southey, who was a better poet than etymologist, wanted to credit the Saracens with the introduction of merino, deriving the name from the title of the Moorish chief, "emir." This fanciful etymology has not been accepted, as the name of the fabric is merely the name of the Spanish sheep from which the wool is clipped. Dimity has been conjecturally derived from Damietta, but the word has a scientific origin. It is a cloth woven with two threads, and the name is formed from two Greek terms (dis and mitos). Two well-known English fabrics were named in a similar manner—drill and twill—one woven with two and the other with three threads.

The Flemings were the first European successors to the industrial dominion of the Arabs and Moors. The looms of Flanders were whirring for more than a century in advance of those of the future Manchester and Leeds. We should know this even if history were unwritten by calling over the names of the fabrics and stuffs now in daily use. Our gingham came originally from the town of Guingamp in French Flanders. Galloon, which means Walloon lace, as also Valenciennes and Mechlin laces, came from the same region. Cambric comes from Cambray; the French still call it "toile de Cambray." Frieze cloth came from Friesland. Brussels carpets, "arras," and "Lisle thread" all have a common home among the Flemings.

A very large group of words has been traced, probably without sufficient reason, to the early settlement of colonies of Flemish weavers in Normandy along the River Toucques. It has been pointed out that in German the word for cloth itself is "tuch," and in old English it is "tuck." The duck of which cadets and others have their immaculate trousers fashioned has also been traced to this river name. Pillows are covered with "ticking"; ladies once wore, and children now wear, "tuckers" at table, and in England there is a village called Tucking Mill, and Bristol has a street called Tucker. All these, and even the name of our national hero, Dan Tucker, have been referred to this Norman stream along which once buzzed the busy looms of the Flemish colonists. This plausible etymology held the field for a long time, until some one, digging in the "old fieldes" from which "cometh all this new corne fro yere to yere," found the Teutonic root, "tucian," to fold, pleat, or "full" cloth. This brushed away all the romance, and left the group of words to put up as best they could with a very plebeian vocabularic ancestry indeed.

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The names of fabrics that may be traced to the last of these mediæval manufacturing centres, northern Italy, are not so numerous as those that go back to Flanders, or that lead back to the more remote Saracens and Arabs. At a very early period in the northern republics of Italy commerce and manufacture became very active, due in a great measure to the stimulus given by the maritime supremacy of the cities of Genoa, Pisa and Venice, and to the corresponding activity in trade in such prosperous interior cities as Milan, Florence, Bologna and Padua. Milan and Mantua gave us milliners and mantuamakers, and Leghorn attached its name to a certain kind of hat and straw.

In more recent times England, Ireland and Scotland have contributed a large number of new names to designate fabrics made in certain localities. Tweeds, cheviots and linsey-woolsey are familiar examples. Worsted has been traced to the village of Worstead, near Norfolk, while Kerseymere got its name from Kersey and its "mere" or lake. Drugget may be traced to Drogheda, Ireland, made famous by one of Cromwell's bloodiest victories.

Among other materials, of diverse origin, may be mentioned "batiste," which retains the name of its French inventor, Baptiste; and grenadine, which is only a French variant of Granada. Flannel, it was long supposed, got its name from the town of Llanelly, in Wales, but the word is now thought to be derived from the Welsh word "gwlanen," which means both flannel and wool. Flannel, it should be remembered, was formerly written "flannen," and is still occasionally so pronounced by ignorant, young and some old-fashioned persons. Velvet has a similar, if not the same origin, but is traceable directly to the Latin "villus," shaggy hair. Jet, which is so extensively used as a garniture for ladies' dresses, was first found near the river and town of Gagas, in Asia Minor. The old French name of this species of mineral coal, "gagate," "jayet," or "jaet," shows the origin of the mineral and the English word.

Most of the terms referring to dress or clothing have very simple meanings, and the origins are not far to seek. To begin with the two extremities of man, it may be said that here, as elsewhere, extremes meet, for "hat" and "shoe" mean the same thing—that is, "a cover." Both are derived from an old Aryan root, "sku" or "skad," which is also the origin of our word for sky. The Germans call a thimble a "fingerhut" or finger hat or cover. Hood is exactly the same word as hat.

The idea of a cover for protection has been utilized to a very large extent in forming new words to denote the various and ever-changing articles of dress. "Cap" and "cape" come from the same word, one used to cover the head and the other to covef the shoulders and chest. "Coat" also signifies a covering. When the ancient Teutons devised a covering for their hands they took their word "lof," which means palm of the hand, and put before it the cumulative particle "ge," and "ge-lof," meaning something to cover the palm, became in time our glove. This would seem to indicate that the first gloves were used to protect the palm from the sword-handle or the friction of the oar, possible in the boats of the Vikings.

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Other terms were used as somewhat descriptive of the shape or ornamentation of the garment. Cloak is derived from "cloaca," Latin for "bell," as it resembled a bell when it was drawn about the throat. "Shirt" comes from a Teutonic word meaning short, distinguishing it probably from the long toga or robe. "Skirt" is the same word.

"Breeches" is an old word, happily fast dying. When the Romans waged war on the Parthians and Kelts in regions colder than any to which they had been accustomed, they adopted the Gallic breek, which they called "braccæ." The Keltic word is "brech," and means variegated, or a plaid. The word "breek" is itself a plural form, and "breeks" or "breeches" is a double plural. "Trousers" is a plural formed from "truss," which means a "bag." This may account historically for a certain well-known propensity of trousers to bag at the knees. Pantaloons tells a different story. Their name has been traced to the patron saint of Venice, Saint Pantaleone. The word means "all lion." "Pantaleon" became a sort of nickname for all Venetians, and so passed on to "pantaloon," the clown, and modern pantaloons, and, alas! even to that horror of modern terminology—"pants."

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## "Don't Worry" Circles

A MOVEMENT that has very much to recommend it was started in a New York City parlor only a few weeks ago. It is called the "Don't Worry" Circle, and has met with such a hearty welcome that already, says the New York Ledger, there is a prospect for the formation of a multitude of similar bands. Its object is to cultivate a spirit of toleration of this world's troubles and cares, and to relieve the strain on the nerves caused by incessant anxiety, principally over things that cannot be helped.

One of the principal objects of the "Don't Worry" circles is to teach people to forget themselves. Constant contemplation of one's own personality, continual retrospection, going back again and again, and yet again, to what has been and comparing it with what may possibly be, is the most demoralizing, spirit-blighting, soul-wrecking occupation that the sons and daughters of men can follow.

The crystallization of the sentiment on which the "Don't Worry" movement is founded is embodied in the following rules, which might be made the constitution and by-laws of similar circles in every neighborhood in this broad land:

"First, Consider what must be involved in the truth that God is infinite and that you are a part of His plan.

"Second, Memorize some of the Scripture promises and recall them when the temptation to worry returns.

"Third, Cultivate a spirit of gratitude for daily mercies.

"Fourth, Realize worrying as an enemy which destroys your happiness.

"Fifth, Realize that it can be cured by persistent effort.

"Sixth, Attack it definitely as something to be overcome.

"Seventh, Realize that it never has done and never can do the least good. It wastes vitality and impairs the mental faculties.

"Eighth, Help and comfort your neighbors.

"Ninth, Forgive your enemies and conquer your aversions.

"Tenth, Induce others to join the 'Don't Worry' movement."

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## *Europe Against the Jews*

IT IS a curious fact that, although in many respects the European nations are becoming more humane, there has been lately an almost universal outburst of Jew-baiting. Discussing remedies for this condition, the London Spectator says:

What is the remedy for a situation which is a disgrace to Europe? We have none to suggest, because we only believe in one, which will not be accepted. When all the Christian churches plead for the Jew as they plead for all other men who are unjustly oppressed, the Jews will be safe; but in a generation which has complacently endured the massacre of the Armenians for the offense of being Christians we can have little hope that that course will be immediately followed. The other remedies suggested are all useless. "Improve the laws," says one; but it is not the laws, but the execution of the laws of which Jews have to complain. "Let them give up their separateness," says another; but they will not do it, any more than the aristocratic castes will, and as their separateness has its roots in history, and has lasted three thousand years, it is ridiculous to make of it a moral offense. "Let them work," says a third; but what Jew attempts, if he has no money, to live by loafing, or where is the really poor Jew who shirks working for fourteen hours a day? Our East End does not snarl at the Jew for his laziness, but their protests are against his industry.

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"Let them," says a fourth, "all turn Christians"; but that excellent advice might be applied without results to most French townsmen, to many Germans, and, we even fear, to one or two among our own seething population. And, finally, it is recommended that they should all be restored to Palestine. Palestine is theirs, of course, by a title older than ours to Britain, and better than that of any other race to the land it occupies; but Palestine would not hold the half of them, and if that half went back, the remainder would in twenty years be as numerous, as poor, as objectionable, and as infamously treated as ever. The great facts of history are not alterable to suit the dreams of philanthropists; and one of the biggest of them is that the Hebrew race never changes and is unchangeable. It is, and it will remain as it was in the days of the Pharaohs, whom, as Lord Beaconsfield said, "it saw and survived," the most separate and the earthiest of all races, with the highest power of throwing up men of spiritual genius and mental grandeur. There is one earthly hope of justice for the Jew, and but one, and that is that the Christian races of Europe shall embrace the doctrines of Christ.

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## *Woman's Opportunity*

"IGNORANCE is not innocence," nor yet is the knowledge of evil, which no man can hinder, possibly to be confounded with loss of sensitive delicacy and clear-eyed purity of thought; but the general discussion of subjects involving the analysis of crime and the questions of morality lowers the tone of all concerned.

It has been the writer's personal experience during the past year, says a contributor of the Evening Post, of New York, to hear the animated arguments at a public table, between young married and unmarried men and women, of excellent social standing, as to the morality or immorality of books and plays involving the deepest questions of life and the relations of the sexes.

"The *jeune fille* is a forgotten personage. There is no longer any one answering to her whom the French so called," said a woman of the world to me. Perhaps society is not impoverished by the loss of her, who, being a woman in years, was allowed to be a child in simplicity. Yet it would be refreshing occasionally, to old eyes at least, to be in the company of one whose trust in honor and sincerity was without fear, who knew not the terrors and pitfalls of life, and who had yet the lost art of blushing in her gentle list of accomplishments.

Years ago, a young matron heading her own table, around which a very "swell" set of men were gathered, was startled by the loud statement of her guest of honor that he had spent the day in the courtroom where a scandal, involving the honor of a distinguished man and a much-loved woman, was then being tried. The hostess caught, in the uplifted voice and preparatory clearing of the throat, her guest's intention to narrate what he had seen and heard. She gave a startled glance toward her husband, whose answering look was one of serious annoyance, and then, with all the courteous entreaty of a voice too pleading to be offensive, she said: "Forgive me, General, but it is sorrowful enough to know it is going on; please don't talk of it."

Though robbed of his proposed position of authorized reporter, the General, with a new deference, said: "I beg your pardon; I forgot that you might not be interested."

A quick-witted woman need never be at a loss for the means by which to carry the conversation into whatsoever channel she wills; no gentlewoman need fear that she will not do good by a steadfast resistance to the drift of unwholesome talk.

A revolutionizing power as to all that changes the "order of our day" lies in feminine hands, through the use of what is distinctively hers. Through no other means can amusement be kept within bounds, compliment be pressed into more delicate expression, conversation be led into higher yet not less lively channels, and men be made to know that to win favors they must wear the tokens of knightly purity and courage. It is not through her strong arm, nor her mathematical honors, nor her admittance to the bar, that a woman can elevate her race; by her adherence to the true, the spiritual, and the uplifting, will she make a refuge and an inspiration for the men of her time.

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## *Our Enormous Exports*

THAT the conditions for universal prosperity were never better in this country than at the present time is very clearly shown by the record of foreign trade during the calendar year of 1897, the tables of which have been given out.

It is in our exports especially, says the Boston Budget, that the gains in 1897 surpass all previous records, continuing the large sales of agricultural products which were made in the closing months of 1896, and adding to these large amounts of manufactured goods, especially of iron and steel. Our imports during 1897 were, altogether, $742,630,855. This was a gain of $61,051,000 over 1896, but was lower than in 1895, when our imports amounted in round numbers to $801,000,000. There have been four years since 1879 in which our imports exceeded the $800,000,000 mark, and as the lessened amount now shows that we are more nearly on a self-supporting basis, it will probably be permanent. In fact, it is due to the cessation of our demand for foreign iron and steel and their products, which we now make so much more cheaply than European countries can, that they form an important part of our export trade, and one likely to increase.

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Although iron and steel and articles made from them have constituted the largest proportion of manufactures exported, there have been considerable exports of both cotton and woolen manufactures, and of clothing. Some of these have been to Great Britain, though a larger share go to the markets which British manufactures have heretofore supplied. That this has been going on during the past year shows clearly that, however much American manufacturers have been suffering from dull trade and insufficient demand, those of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe have suffered worse than they. It furnishes probably the best argument why the strikes, which are at present paralyzing American cotton factories, should be somehow ended as quickly as possible. The statistics of trade show that in all branches of manufactures we are reaching out and capturing trade that has heretofore been held by British and German manufactures, and that this is of all times the worst in which to give up a fight where there is every reason to believe we may be entirely successful if we continue.

The past year the balance of trade in our favor from Europe was $402,704,188, against $374,816,144 in 1896, a gain of $27,888,144 over the figures of 1896, which up to that time had been the highest record in our favor. But our gold exports last year exceeded by $5,000,000 those that we imported, while in 1896 there was a balance in our favor of $44,000,000. But this merely means that we have been paying our foreign indebtedness at a much more rapid rate in 1897 than in 1896, and that, temporarily, the gold balance is against us. We shall have less interest to pay abroad for every dollar of indebtedness that we pay. While the commercial balance is so largely in our favor, as it is likely to be for years to come, a little difference in our exports of gold need not greatly trouble the American people.

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CONTEMPT IN THE SECOND DEGREE.—In arguing a point before a judge of the superior court, Colonel Folk, of the Mountain Circuit in North Carolina, laid down a very doubtful proposition of law. The judge eyed him a moment and queried: "Colonel Folk, do you think that is law?" The colonel gracefully bowed and replied: "Candor compels me to say I do not, but I did not know how it would strike Your Honor." The judge deliberated a few moments and gravely said: "That may not be contempt of court, but it is a close shave."

## *Decay of Dignity in Modern Life*

*PRESENT DAY PROBLEMS AND TENDENCIES*

*By Mrs. Elizabeth Lynn Linton*

IT IS difficult to give the exact moment when social changes cease to be progressive and become degenerative; for growth and decay are so closely united in the body politic that it is impossible to rule the line where the one begins and the other ends. When certain conditions die out and the whole structure of thought and public opinion, together with the standard of honor, is changed, this change is not always to the good. It is sometimes, as in biology, the death of the nobler life and the starting into existence of ignobler organisms. The vibriones of putrefaction are not equal to the one life that has gone, and the myriads on myriads of new creatures do not come near the value of the unit in whose place they riot.

Our ancestors were not all purblind; and some among them had the right end of the stick, though that end was not the one we hold. But if we hint at this the young, to whom belong the hour and the day, shoot out their arrows of scorn and transfix the pessimist; holding his views, moreover, as so much treason against the noble doctrine of evolution and progress—a doctrine so true in itself, but by no means without a hitch in its working. Perhaps this new mode of thought itself, this self-assertion of the young, is a kind of unconscious historic revenge for the time when the elders had absolute mastery. How that may be we cannot say; we only know that the young cannot see any possible evil in the changes made by themselves in the ordinary current of things. How should they? Our world is bounded by our own experience, and what took place before our day is neither appreciated nor understood. But are really all changes for the advantage of society? We doubt it; yet we are not necessarily reactionary because of that doubt. Only it is so difficult to fix the exact moment when such and such a thing was better than the past behind it and the present before it. Still it was better at some loose-lying, indeterminate period of the world's history.

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Take one thing only, the decay of the dignity which used to belong to certain social conditions, the slackening of the cords, the stiffness taken out of the buckram, which once made part of the state and circumstance of life. This, though different from the grave moral self-respect which is the same in all times and under all conditions, is yet just as necessary for the harmonious working of society, or rather, I should say, was once thought necessary. But now! The odd familiarities of William IV when he was first made King are nothing to the general letting down that has gone on all through the body politic.

Let us give as the first instance to hand those public amateur theatricals which are so fashionable among society people. Can any one say that these are not fatal to the dignity which belongs to class—artificial, if you will, but all the same belonging to it? When the officers of the guards act a burlesque before their men, can that possibly conduce to discipline and personal respect? To be a mountebank over night will not help the gravity of the morning, and the private who has laughed at the antics of his captain a few hours ago will smile in his sleeve at the remembrance when he sees him on parade. The theatrical profession is honorable in itself—as honorable as any other. That does not, however, make it a fitting profession for every person to assume.

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For certain people to act, and especially to act burlesque, is a topsy-turvydom of condition not to be commended. When Cæsar wished to degrade Laberius he forced him to appear on the stage. Our soldiers need no Cæsar to impel them there, but the officer whose ambition is to be a good actor is seldom of much value as a soldier. So with our well-born and delicately nurtured ladies. They too willingly appear in costumes which only use and the professional sense—the necessity of the business—render supportable. They run the gauntlet of intimate criticisms such as once would have condemned them forever; and one need not be rococo nor fossilized to think that the minuet was a dance which preserved a lady's dignity better than a breakdown or any kind of comic ballet. It does not always need even the comic element to make the thing disastrous. Did not poor Marie Antoinette find, to her cost, what grave results follow on the loss of conventional social dignity?

Some years ago the craze was for playing at keeping refreshment stalls. Familiarity and the false pretense of charity have reconciled us to much that we formerly denounced. Even our Catos have ceased to sneer at bazaars, where the highest ladies in the land stand behind their stalls and sell all manner of things, from children's frocks to buttonhole bouquets, at a dozen times their value—cheating boldly in the change and letting themselves be stared out of countenance by snobs of all ages and degrees. We do not want to see society go back to the stiff and starched artificiality of Sir Charles Grandison. All the same, a little less familiarity and a little more dignity between young men and women would be an advantage. Grant that the whole thing is non-essential and only symbolic—we cannot do without the symbol. Society altogether is artificial, but its formalities are its preservation. Do away with the form and the spirit will follow. Let the men come romping into the drawing-room with hats on and coats off, in slippers down at heel, with cigars in their mouths—would not the truer spirit of courtesy, the more serious strain of chivalry, follow the loss of those mere forms?

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There is a familiarity of tone and absence of dignity in the manners of young men and women to each other which is not lovely. Probably our fathers thought the same of our manners when we were young—we who are now old; and their fathers went on the same track. There is no time, no line, no fashion that is absolute; and yet the hail-fellow-well-met kind of thing and the "dear boys" of the present fashion surely go just the least taste in life beyond such an amount of dignity as it is well to preserve. Those dear boys are doubtless excellent fellows, and good at a pinch for chivalrous service; but, save here and there bright exceptions, they have no manners to be called manners, and conventional courtesy seems to them to be something that went out with pigtails and ruffles, hoops and lace heads. They lounge and put their hands in their pockets—forget to take off their hats, and forget to take their cigars from their mouths in the presence of ladies; while Miss Curlywig and Miss Frizzlehead talk slang of the latest fashion, and "pump-handle" when they shake hands while wishing them good-by.

That vile habit of slang is at the root of a great deal that is unrefined in the present day; and the desire of women to dress as much like men as possible is another of these pernicious levelers. The girls are as good as gold. Let that be conceded freely. They are pure-hearted and essentially innocent, but, to use their own abominable vernacular, they are "bad form," because they have thrown aside all traces of what once was an obligation among them—girlish dignity. We have received a great deal that is good and lovely from America, and some things that are neither. This decay of girlish dignity is one of them. It is very certain that the majority of even the most audacious in speech, the freest in topics, and the least reserved in looks, would say "Hands off!" if those "symbols of thought," words, were attempted to be translated into actions. It is just as certain that some would not. In any case the experiment is more dangerous than wise; and a little more reserve would be a better safeguard for the weaknesses of human nature than this excessive freedom of speech and manner.—St. James Gazette.

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## *The Wisdom of Life*

THE GENIUS FOR LOVING.—The thing which makes one man greater than another, the quality by which we ought to measure greatness, is a man's capacity for loving.—Sir Arthur Helps.

PROPHETIC LONGINGS OF THE SOUL.—The human soul is like a bird born in a cage. Nothing can deprive it of its natural longings, or obliterate the mysterious remembrance of its heritage.—Epes Sargent.

THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF POSSIBILITY.—My idea is this: ever onward. If God had intended that man should go backward, He would have given him an eye in the back of his head. Let us look always toward the dawn, the blossom time, the hour of new birth.—Victor Hugo.

THE MASTERY THROUGH LABOR.—Nothing that is of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Man owes his growth chiefly to that active striving of the will, that encounter with difficulty, which we call effort; and it is astonishing to find how often results apparently impracticable are thus made possible.—Samuel Smiles.

THE MYSTERY OF MORAL GROWTH.—Always the unseen will be more than the seen; always the unknown will encompass and interfuse the known; always we must walk by faith more than by sight. The higher we aspire and reach the further will the ideal recede; the purer and truer we become, the more commanding will be our sense of right, and the more sweet and strong will be the attractions of the true, the beautiful and the good.—Rev. C. G. Ames.

### *How the Petrel Went Down*

*By Charles S. Greene*

NOBODY saw the Petrel go
Silently drifting out with the tide;
The people of Belvedere only know,
She was anchored safe when the daylight died,
With the fleet of boats that snugly lay,
Like sleeping swans in the little bay.

Yes, anchored safe, but the eddy's sweep,
Quietly saps the anchor's hold,
Till, when the world is all asleep,
She lies unmoored and uncontrolled,
And slowly at first, she gently floats,
Out and away from the dreaming boats.

Which way to go? Ah, well knows she—
Never a touch of doubt in her mind—
She turns her head to the open sea,
Hearing the call of her feathered kind;
For better she loves the billows' play
Than the quiet sough of the peaceful bay.

But Angel Island sees her not;
And Sausalito gives no hail;
And grim old Alcatraz marks no yacht,
That glides along without a sail;
The Lime Point keepers give no sign,
As she dances by on the heaving brine.

Out in the channel! And faster now;
For the ebb tide runs like a mill-race here.
She sees the frown on Diablo's brow,
But her foolish heart has felt no fear.
And never a bit the faster she runs,
Before the mouths of the heavy guns.

The ancient Fort with its blood-red eye,
That shuts and opens, fails to see,
And Point Bonita, as she goes by,
Stolidly gazes; and gay and free,
She rises and falls on the ocean swell,
With the rhythmic sweep that she loves so well.

For now she has come to the end of her course,
Wayward and happy, wild and free,
And is caught and crushed by the awful force
Of the mighty rush of the cruel sea;
And never again when the yachts are gay,
Shall the Petrel sail on the sunlit bay.

—Overland Monthly.

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### *Adelina Patti at Home*

*ENTERTAINING AT HER CASTLE*

AMONG the wild scenes of rocks, woods and water in the Swansea Valley Madame Patti has, says the New York Ledger, created a fairy palace entitled Craig-y-Nos, taking its name from the huge rock it is built upon. It is a castellated building of great breadth and depth, constructed of reddish-gray limestone. As you pass through the massive arched gateway facing the main portal of the castle, the lodge and entrance to the stables are on your right hand, and on your left is a broad path leading to a large shrubbery and a carefully kept pheasantry.

When entering the house and ascending a double flight of stone steps, you come to a hall, luxuriously fitted up and ornamented with paintings, faience, and cases of stuffed salmon and trout. Exactly opposite the entrance is the drawing-room, furnished in blue and silver. This room teems with innumerable objects of art presented to Madame Patti during her long artistic career.

In the centre of this stately salon, opposite an admirable picture of Madame Patti, is placed a colossal concert grand piano, specially manufactured for and presented to the diva by Steinway. It is the largest piano of its class in the world. The huge table near it is laden with photographic albums filled with autographic portraits of all recent composers and executants. With the exception of Wagner, no maestro from Rossini to Delibes is missing from this collection, unique of its kind, and one of the most highly prized of Madame Patti's almost countless store of possessions.

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To the right of the entrance hall is the dining-room, communicating at its farther end with a superb winter garden, a long range of lofty glass houses, affording a sufficient promenade during wet weather, which occurs very often in the Swansea Valley. To the left of the entrance hall is Madame Patti's boudoir, a cozy little room, furnished in pink and steel gray, which contains presentation portraits of the Princess of Wales, the late Czar of Russia, and many other Imperial and Royal Highnesses.

A priceless cabinet that adorns the wall of this pretty room contains no less than thirty gold and silver wreaths which have been presented to Madame Patti during her public career in Europe and America. Adjacent to the boudoir are two vast billiard rooms, communicating with one another. An interesting feature of this room is a complete phonographic apparatus, into the ear of which the diva sometimes warbles a sparkling roulade of crisp staccato.

From the entrance hall a grand staircase leads to the upper part of the castle, which is full of corridors and quaint little round-the-corner stairs that meander hither and thither, amid suites of guest chambers, in the distracting way peculiar to old country houses.

On the first floor there is Madame Patti's suite of bedroom and dressing-rooms, overlooking the valley and situated in the oldest portion of the castle. They are furnished in pale blue satin and delicate lace, and contain several valuable paintings. In Madame Patti's bedroom, close to her bedside, there is a mighty iron safe, which is let into the masonry of the wall. In this fire-proof receptacle Madame Patti keeps her jewels and decorations, when they are not deposited with her bankers in London.

Madame Patti's jewels comprise five diadems of diamonds, five necklaces of brilliants, six complete parures (*i. e.*, necklace, earrings, bracelets, brooch and ring) of brilliants, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and turquoises. She also possesses six gigantic diamond birds, butterflies and beetles, and scores upon scores of rings, brooches, bracelets, earrings and jeweled pins, besides several parures of corals, of carbuncles and antique cameos, etc.

The Queen of Song displays a truly regal hospitality during her sojourn at Craig-y-Nos.

Her visitors, for the most part, come to her from the world of art, literature and intellectual activity. However distinguished these visitors may be, the routine of the castle is invariably as follows: Madame Patti's guests are served with their first breakfast in their own apartments, and at what hour they may please to indicate. She herself passes her morning in her suite on the first floor engaged in private affairs.

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It is during these forenoon hours, and then only, that she exercises her voice, chiefly with chromatic scales and staccato; at other times she does not sing in her own house. There are four magnificent pianos in the house, but even when Madame Patti's guests have included very eminent pianists many days pass without one of the instruments being opened, for the chatelaine insists upon all musical artists present, including herself, having respite from vocalization and from pianism while at Craig-y-Nos.

At noon, precisely, all the diva's guests are expected to assemble in the huge winter garden adjoining the dining-room, where a perfectly cooked lunch is served in princely style. At two, precisely, a string of phaetons and dog-carts makes its appearance on the broad, curved sweep of gravel fronting the grand entrance, and the whole of the guests, led by the hostess in her pony carriage, are whirled away to some romantic spot.

Refreshment for man as well as for beast accompanies these afternoon expeditions, in the shape of biscuits, fruits and liquids. At five o'clock the cortege again draws up before the castle doors, and everybody retires to his or her room, where tea is served. Dinner is served at seven, when the electric light is turned on, and the great mansion assumes a highly festive aspect.

Madame Patti's boudoir, adjacent to the English billiard-room, is the place of general rendezvous in which her friends assemble punctually as the second gong is sounded. To them she descends arrayed in a ravishing toilette and adorned with magnificent jewels, which set off her dark beauty to admiration. Dinner at Craig-y-Nos is a sort of meal that secures the approval of the accomplished epicure. Coffee is served in the billiard-room, whither all hands repair at the close of the superb and jovial repast; for the gentlemen do not sit over their wine, telling stories at Craig-y-Nos, à la Anglaise, but take out their ladies à la Française, in the same order as that observed when going to the dining-room.

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While the postprandial cigar is aglow, "the soul of the castle" (as Madame Patti has nicknamed her large orchestrion) plays merry overtures, operatic selections and dance music for an hour or so, after which the great event of the evening—a game called ladies' pool—is played on the fine match table in the English billiard-room. The axiom "early to bed" has the force of a statute in Madame Patti's realm, the denizens of which are expected to retire for the night at 11 P. M. An hour later the gas, and with it the electric light, is turned off at the main, and darkness, save a stray candle here and there, reigns throughout the house.

The Lady of the Castle, as the villagers from many a mile are wont to style Madame Patti, and to whose humble firesides the kind-hearted diva has brought comfort and well-being, is most devotedly served by her servants, whom she treats more like friends than mere domestics. Madame Patti keeps a staff of servants forty-two in number, including three keepers, five gardeners and two skilled mechanics, whose special charge is the generation of gas and electric light.

Few musical artists have enjoyed such an unparalleled success during their artistic career as that of the chatelaine of Craig-y-Nos. The celebrated songstress has, indeed, been a special favorite of fickle Dame Fortune, for it is stated that Madame Patti has earned over half a million sterling by singing and acting, besides being the owner of an almost priceless collection of art treasures, many of them worth a good deal more than their weight in gold for more reasons than one.

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### *Women in Modern Industries*

FOUR millions of women, or eighteen per cent. of the entire female population of the United States, are now said to be engaged in paid industries, the number having doubled in twenty years. In 1870 there were but 8,000 bookkeepers, accountants, typewriters, etc., while in 1890 the census reports give 20,000 women thus engaged. Three million women are engaged in domestic service, which gives a grand total of seven million women in this country who are wage-earners.

# *The Professor's Jealousy*

### *THE HONOR OF A GREAT DISCOVERY*

*By W. Francis*

FOUR of us were sitting in the bay window of the hotel. There were England, the landscape painter; Harrison, the civil engineer; Eardley Britton, the professor of physiology, and myself.

Outside there was a whisk of rain in the air. The surf was coming up thunderously on the beach, fifty yards away. Dusk had fallen very rapidly, and far out at sea the lightship's challenge flashed at regular intervals. We lit our pipes. Politics had been discussed, books talked over, and nothing remained but the last refuge of the weary—story telling.

Harrison tried to thrill us with a profoundly interesting tale of a bridge, judged by him to be safe, which had gone down five minutes after (or was it before?) he had tested it. England told at great length a harrowing recital of the loss and recovery of one of his own pictures, which some presumably bad judge of painting had stolen. To impart a little life to the gathering, I told a very good story, thoroughly original, about stopping at an inn on the slopes of the Black Forest Mountains; how I had not liked the landlord's appearance, and how he very nearly robbed and murdered me, but for my presence of mind in leaving the inn next morning. Strange to say, this story also fell flat, and so we asked Britton for a tale.

"Ah, well," said he, "you fellows may laugh, but I've had one stirring adventure in my time, young as I am." (It is hardly necessary for me to state that Britton's discoveries in brain physiology had won for him his "D. Sc." of London University at the age of twenty-six, and that his further successes had given him worldwide fame.) "I have never told this to any one before," went on Britton, "as I have always felt rather nervous about it. But it's five years ago now, so I think I'll venture, if you care to listen. Charge your pipes, please.

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"It was just after I got my 'D. Sc.' I went straight to Leipsic to study under Virhoff. I had good recommendations from Crane, Thompson and other big lights. Taking one thing with another, I felt on good terms with myself when I stepped out of the train at the Schlosswein terminus. I first hunted for lodgings, but they all seemed full, till at last I turned down a street of dark, tall houses, and in the window of one stood the welcome announcement that lodgings were to be let within. The place suited me admirably, especially as there was a large, rambling room under the roof, which I saw at once would be the very thing for my laboratory. So I had my traps brought up, and was soon quite at home.

"Of course, I quickly introduced myself to the great Virhoff. He was a man about seventy years of age, white haired, venerable, and with a look of gentle and placid serenity on his face. He had, in fact, what you would call a thoroughly benevolent appearance, and a child would trust him at first sight. I can't tell you how kindly he received me, or how quickly he put me at my ease. He soon got me to talk to him about my work, and I could see he was surprised at its extent. I went home highly delighted with my reception. I had looked for some soured old votary of science, and lo! a genial old philanthropist.

"During the next six months I worked hard, and found the benefit of such teaching as Virhoff could undoubtedly give. On certain phases of brain physiology he was sublime, and would have inspired a clod. Now, all this time I was busy in my spare moments on the medulla oblongata and its functions, and I thought something might come of my researches in that direction, though, truth to say, I had very hazy notions about what did come at last. But I was very shy about this private work of mine, and, although I talked freely enough with my master on other topics, I did not say anything about my pet subject.

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"One day, however, after an unusually brilliant lecture by Virhoff, I waited for him, and we sauntered slowly down the street together, his arm resting affectionately in mine. Neither spoke for some time, so at last he said playfully: 'Well, my young friend, you seem dull to-day. Is it that you are in what you English call 'a brown study'?' 'I was thinking,' said I, moved to sudden confidence, 'of some researches I have been recently making.' 'Ah, yes,' said he; 'in what direction?' 'Well, master,' I replied, 'I have been doing what many have tried to do—that is, find out the precise functions of the medulla oblongata.'

"As I said the words, I felt my arm violently pressed by that of the old man, as if he had felt a sudden electric shock. I looked up in surprise.

"'Pardon me,' he said; 'I'm subject to a heart affection. You were saying——'

"'But, master,' I replied, 'this is dangerous. Have you consulted any one?'

"'No, no!' he cried impatiently. 'Don't think any more about it. You were saying something about some little researches of yours. You must let me come to see your laboratory. Perhaps I may be able to give you some hints.' I thanked him effusively, and we bade farewell at the corner.

"A few weeks passed away, and I was getting feverishly anxious. My experiments were turning out even more successfully than I had hoped, and light was beginning to dawn on me. I saw the goal of my hopes very near at hand. I strove hard to be methodical in my work, and each series of experiments, ultimately successful or not, was duly entered in a separate notebook.

"Virhoff, in the meanwhile, had been, if possible, kinder to me than ever, and it was evident that I was his pet pupil.

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"One day he said to me, 'Well, dear pupil, and how go the researches? I must call in this evening and see your little workshop, is it not so?'

"I told him I should only be too honored, and it was arranged that he should call in about seven o'clock, on his way home from a friend's house.

"As I sat, just when dusk was coming on, smoking a solitary pipe, a modification of my latest experiment suddenly came into my head. It was a startling idea, and I rushed into my laboratory and plunged at once into the very heart of my work. For some time I worked in silence, expectation at fever point.

"Suddenly I dropped my scalpel and drew a long breath. I had finished! My work was over and the discovery was made. My brain was all in a whirl, and I had hardly self-control enough to note down the final result, and how it was obtained, in my note-book, which I then put in my pocket.

"The cathedral clock struck seven at that moment, and a knock was heard at my laboratory door. I went to open it and found my master waiting outside. 'What!' he cried. 'You seem excited, carried out of yourself (do not the English speak so?). You are kind to be thus overjoyed to see the old master.' The people of the house had told him I was upstairs, and he had found his way to the laboratory by a sort of instinct. I took him affectionately by the arm and made him sit down, though he was very hale and active in his movements and would have shamed many a young man of twenty or thirty.

"His eyes wandered inquisitively round the room, and at length he said: 'But come, I am going to look around.' I smiled, and my heart beat at the news I was presently going to give him. How glad he would be! How he would wring my hand and beam upon me!

"Virhoff had his back to me, and was bending down over some papers, when suddenly I heard him utter a sort of choking gasp, and I saw his whole body shake convulsively. I rushed to his side, and he looked round at me with a face white as the dead. His lips moved, but no sound came from them, and still he stared at me with glassy, horror-stricken eyes. I shall never forget.

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"'What is it, dear master?' I cried in fear. 'Is it that heart pain again?' The sound of my voice seemed to bring him somewhat to himself, and he staggered to a chair, holding a paper in his hand. 'Yes, yes,' he muttered hoarsely, 'the pain in my heart—so bad.' I gave him a stimulant, and he soon grew more lifelike, though I could see he had had a great shock.

"'I must go home,' he said. I expostulated in vain, but when I found he was determined, I rose to accompany him; but to my surprise he would not let me go any farther with him than to my sitting-room door. 'Go in and sit down!' he said. 'Don't take any notice of me. I like it better so. Sit down and close the door. I will go down alone.'

"I could but obey, and I heard his steps going downstairs, and then the clang of the hall door as it closed upon him. He had dropped the paper on my landing, and I had mechanically picked it up. I now looked at it, and found it was one of my concluding experiments, the result of which I had scribbled hastily before noting in my book.

"I slept very badly that night, thinking one thing and another, and I remember very well getting up to feel if my precious note-book was safe. Then I got back into bed again. But my discovery and its results haunted me.

"At last, out of all patience, I got up, put on my dressing-gown, and determined to go to my laboratory and take a look around, thinking by this means to settle my mind. I accordingly took a box of matches, and moved softly, with slipper-shod feet, along

the corridor. What was my astonishment to see a light faintly shining under the laboratory door!

"Some one was in there. I first thought of thieves, but at once scouted the idea. What could thieves want in such a place? I listened breathlessly at the keyhole, and distinctly heard somebody moving about, and once I thought I heard an impatient sigh.

"I am not very muscular, but still this was an intrusion on my 'holy of holies,' and I determined, if the door were unlocked, to rush in and catch the intruder if possible. I put my hand on the knob, but must have made some slight noise in doing so, for the light was instantly extinguished. In I dashed, but fell prostrate over a chair, which had been cleverly placed at the entrance. Something brushed past me in the darkness, rushed through the door, and downstairs.

"It did not take me very long to jump up and follow the nocturnal visitant, arousing the house at the same time by my cries. But as I got to the top of the bottom flight of stairs, I heard the bolt of the hall door shot back, and I just got to the street in time to see a cloaked figure running with incredible swiftness forty or fifty yards away. It was impossible for me, clad as I was, to pursue it, so my landlord and I, after thoroughly searching every corner of the house and finding no clew to the mystery, decided to go back to bed once more, and acquaint the police with my adventure in the morning.

"Morning came, and with it a kind letter from Professor Virhoff, telling me that his indisposition made it impossible for him to lecture, and inviting me to come to his house in the afternoon, and 'I was to be sure,' said the letter, 'to bring with me any notes I may have made on the functions of the medulla oblongata, as he wished to see how far I had gone in the study of that organ.'

"I passed my morning in the laboratory verifying, examining each link in my chain of causation, and looking eagerly for any possible source of error. No; all was safe enough, and my blood coursed quickly through my veins as I thought of the reputation I had made for myself, and of the dear ones at home—how glad they would be!

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"I ate my lunch in a dream, and was actually on my way to the Professor's when I suddenly remembered that I had left my precious notebook behind me. I hastily ran back, snatched it up from an experimenting table, and made the best of my way to my master's house, knowing that he much disliked impunctuality.

"He received me warmly, but I still fancied that his face was a trifle pale and that his hand shook. This latter fact was brought to my notice by his letting a wine-glass fall after dinner. He had just raised it to his lips, when I said, 'Now, master, I have a wonderful piece of news for you, and I want you to drink to my health. I have discovered the true function of the medulla oblongata.'

"Hardly had the words left my lips when his wine-glass dropped to the ground. I rang the bell for the servant, at the Professor's request, and in turning to do so faced a small mirror on the wall.

"I saw Virhoff's face reflected for one brief instant, and such an awful look of malignant hatred as was then depicted on it I never wish to see again. I turned hastily around, and could not but believe that my eyes had played me false, for there he sat, smiling gently as before.

"He began to talk at once, expressing, as I thought he would, great gladness at my news, 'though,' said he, 'I can hardly yet credit it, even from you, my dear young friend.' He got up and proposed that we should take our cigars and adjourn to his laboratory, where we could discuss matters in a more scientific atmosphere, as it were. 'Of course you brought your notes of work with you,' added he.

"I told him that I had, and we went down a long flight of steps and along one or two passages till we came to our destination. It was, in reality, a large cellar, which had been turned to scientific use, and was fitted up with all the latest improvements. My mouth watered, so to speak, at the splendid apparatus around me. The best of instruments, electric batteries of all sizes, first-rate operating tables—in fact, I had never seen so perfect an equipment. A large globe, hanging from the ceiling, gave out brilliant electric rays, and smaller lights were near each working bench, adding to the glare.

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"We stepped inside, and, to my surprise, Virhoff locked the door behind us and put the key in his pocket. After showing me his treasures he clapped me cordially on the shoulder and said, 'Now, dear pupil, you shall sit on this operating table. I will sit on the chair here in front of you—quite at home, eh?—and you shall tell me all about your discovery! Up you get, ha! ha! how droll to see you sitting up there!'

"I laughed myself, though there was something in his manner, I know not what, which seemed strained and unnatural. Accordingly I perched on the table, Virhoff sitting in front of me, smiling fixedly.

"'First let me see your notes, will you?' said he. I handed him my notebook silently. 'Sit still,' said he, 'don't move.' Hardly had he said the words when I felt a shock and knew that a strong electric current was passing through me. I was powerless to move. 'Ha! ha! young friend, dear young friend!' said Virhoff. 'You feel the thrill; is it not so? Listen, oh, great discoverer! By pressing this knob which you see here, I make an end of you, sure and safe; and that is what I am presently going to do. You baby-faced fool! You English idiot! Shall chance put into your hands what I, Virhoff, have spent my life trying to discover? I it was whom you surprised last night! I opened your hall door after I left you, shut it (myself being inside) and crept back and hid in your laboratory!

"'At night I tried to find out if you had discovered the secret for which I had toiled in vain, for I guessed from the paper that you must be on the right track. But I could find nothing, so I have brought you and your discovery here, and I mean to kill you and keep it. My work is meat and drink to me; it is the blood, the life of my heart!' hissed he, his face transformed by rage into that of a demon. 'You—you boy, is it fit that you should by accident find out what has been to me the work of hours and hours of secret toil? No, dear young friend, you have only one more discovery to make, and that will be when I once more press the knob, and then you will be dead, dear pupil, dead! How droll!' and he laughed shrilly.

"The sweat came out on my brow. My soul froze with horror under the malevolent eye of the maniac, for such I judged him to be. 'You will disappear, vanish!' continued he. 'No one shall learn your fate; and I, Virhoff, will have what is rightfully my own!' So saying, he quickly opened the notebook and dashed hastily over the pages.

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"For a few minutes no sound was heard save his hurried breathing. I was too faint with fear to say one word.

"Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise and disgust, and threw the book down. 'But—but,' stammered he, 'you have discovered nothing. It is all wrong, all quite wrong,' and he paced backward and forward in uncontrollable agitation.

"At last he stopped, clapped his hands to his side, and laughed loudly in a forced manner. 'Ha, ha!' shouted he, 'what a jest! I believe the boy thinks I am in earnest! See!' and he pressed another knob.

"The electric circuit was broken, and I jumped down from the table, free once more. 'You must allow the old man his joke,' said he, still laughing nervously. 'See, here is your book. Come and let us have some more wine.'

"But I was terribly frightened, and I am not ashamed to own it. I cannot tell you with what relief I followed Virhoff upstairs. He still laughed and talked volubly, praying me not to be offended at his ill-timed jest. I could hardly answer him, and took the first opportunity of bidding him good-night. How blessed seemed the free air of Heaven, playing on my hot brow! My thoughts were still in a riotous maze of confusion.

"One idea kept coming to me, however. What had he meant by saying that I had made no discovery? Had he, then, detected some error, some weak point? I found out, gentlemen, when I got home, the answer to the enigma, and the cold sweat came to my brow once more, when I saw that my life had been saved by my having, in my hurry, put the wrong book in my pocket when I went to Virhoff's.

"Next day I published my discovery, and the day afterward the newspapers announced the suicide of 'the eminent Professor Virhoff—a man renowned alike for his scientific discoveries and for his unfailing goodness of heart, benignity of demeanor and faithfulness to his friends.'"—The Argosy.

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### *How Spoiled Envelopes are Redeemed*

ONE of the most interesting branches of the postal service is that which is devoted to the redeeming of stamped envelopes which have been misdirected. It is remarkable how so many envelopes get misdirected, many large firms returning them in lots of several thousand at a time.

The envelopes are redeemed in all cases possible, many packages being received which have obviously not been misdirected. For instance, if a firm goes out of existence and has a quantity of envelopes left over, the chances are that a marking brush will be drawn over the edges instead of a few pen scratches being made on each envelope. There are many ways in which envelopes can be spoiled for business purposes, and if a list of all the peculiar cases were made it would fill a book. One man recently brought in a boxful over which he had spilled a bottle of ink, while another had a large quantity that had been badly damaged by fire, and a third appeared with a lot that he claimed had been gnawed by mice.

The Government, of course, loses nothing in these transactions. It has already been paid for the envelopes and printing, and it redeems only the face value of the stamps. The New York office makes payment not in cash, but in postage stamps, and these stamps have to come out of the regular supply, as the Department at Washington will not recognize any demand until the misdirected envelopes have been counted, and a correct statement of the number submitted.

# *Told After Dinner*

### *HUMOROUS STORIES FROM CONTEMPORARIES*

**THE Amended Hymn-Books.**—A certain religious congregation in England wanted to procure new hymn-books, but they were very poor and could not afford to pay for them at the ordinary prices. They understood, however, that a certain great advertising house, a business house that made patent medicines, was willing to furnish them hymn-books at a penny each if they would allow some advertisements to be inserted in the books. They thought that would be no special harm, that they might have a few pages of advertisements bound up with Watts and Doddridge. They agreed to the proposition. The books came duly, and got down to the church on December 24.

On Christmas morning the model Christians, who had no thoughts of anything but religion, got up to sing. Their pastor gave out by the first line a very familiar hymn. Immediately the congregation arose to their feet, and in a few seconds they were aghast to find themselves singing:

"Hark! the herald angels sing
Beecham's pills are just the thing.
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
Two for man and one for child."

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**Harmonizing Two Sermons.**—In a certain church in Ireland, a young priest took for his text: "The Feeding of the Multitude." But he said: "And they fed ten people with ten thousand loaves of bread and ten thousand fishes." Thereat an old Irishman said, "That's no miracle; begorra, I could do that myself," which the priest overheard.

The next Sunday the priest announced the same text, but he had it right this time—"And they fed ten thousand people on ten loaves of bread and ten fishes." He waited a second, and then leaned over the pulpit and said: "And could you do that, Mr. Murphy?"

Murphy replied: "Sure, your reverence, I could." "And how could you do it?" "Sure, your reverence, I could do it with what was left over from last Sunday."

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**Rothschild Reproves.**—A young globe-trotter bearing an illustrious French name, was holding forth at great length, during a dinner in the Faubourg Saint Germain at Paris, about the loveliness of the island of Tahiti and describing in glowing colors the marvelous beauty of the women.

With the object of learning whether the young traveler had restricted his observations to the fair sex, as one might have been tempted to believe from the tenor of his remarks, one of the Barons Rothschild, who was present, ventured to inquire if he had remarked anything else worthy of note in connection with the island.

Resenting the Baron's inquiry, he replied, "Yes; what struck me much was that there were no Jews and no pigs to be seen there."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the Baron, in nowise disconcerted at this insolence. "Then let you and me go there together. We shall make our fortune."

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**How a Legislator Economized.**—There was an old German, a farmer, thrifty and prosperous, who had been carefully saving for many years. Finally he was elected to the Legislature. It was a peculiarly profitable session. There were several railroad charters up for consideration. Hans served faithfully, never broke silence, and always voted, and after the Legislature had adjourned surprised his friends at home by laying the foundation of a ten-thousand-dollar house, while there were rumors of a twenty-thousand-dollar bank deposit.

"Have you had a legacy, Hans?" asked a neighbor, at last. "Oh, no," was the reply. "I have yust been saving a leetle."

"But how could you manage to save thirty thousand dollars on a three-months' salary of three dollars a day?"

"Vell," responded Hans, complacently, "dat was very easy; it was yust dis way. You see, during the whole of last winter, my wife, she didn't keep no hired girl."

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**What the Deaf Man Wanted.**—A Napoleon of finance, who formerly speculated in Chicago, picked out a promising town in Iowa and decided to "build it up."

He moved to the town, organized a number of stock companies, started a bank, deposited all the money of the companies in his own bank and then went into bankruptcy. Some of the principal sufferers went to his house to learn whether anything could be saved from the wreck. They found him in a magnificent apartment, and he was very sorry for their misfortune.

"I regret very much, gentleman," said he, "but I have practically nothing left. My wife owns this house and some business property, but I have nothing. Believe me, if I could do such a thing, I would give you my body and let it be divided among you, for there is nothing else I can give."

"What's that proposition?" asked a rather deaf old gentleman, who was standing at the back of the mournful company.

"He says," explained one of the sufferers, "that we can take his body and divide it up among us."

"Well, in that case," said the deaf old man, in a loud voice, "I speak for his gall."

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**Paderewski's Cherries.**—A lady visiting Paderewski's villa in Paris recently, noticed a cherry-stone on the mantelpiece. She took possession of it, and had it set in pearls and diamonds as a relic of the master. A few weeks later Paderewski met this lady, who, in the course of conversation, showed him the cherry-stone with its elegant setting. "But, madam," said Paderewski, "I never eat cherries. The one you found on the mantelpiece must have been left by my servant!"

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**The Sangamon River Boat.**—Once during the argument in a lawsuit, in which Lincoln represented one party, the lawyer on the other side was a good deal of a glib talker, but not reckoned as deeply profound or much of a thinker. He would say anything to a jury which happened to enter his head. Lincoln, in his address to the jury, referring to this, said:

"My friend on the other side is all right, or would be all right, were it not for the peculiarity I am about to chronicle. His habit—of which you have witnessed a very painful specimen in his argument to you in this case—of reckless assertion and statements without grounds, need not be imputed to him as a moral fault, or as telling of a moral blemish. He can't help it. For reasons which, gentlemen of the jury, you and I have not the time to study here, as deplorable as they are surprising, the oratory of the gentleman completely suspends all action of his mind. The moment he begins to talk his mental operations cease. I never knew of but one thing which compared with my friend in this particular. That was a small steamboat. Back in the days when I performed my part as a keel boatman, I made the acquaintance of a trifling little steamboat which used to bustle and puff and wheeze about the Sangamon River. It had a five-foot boiler and seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled it stopped."

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**The Farmer on the Jury.**—In Illinois and some other States there is an old law on the statute books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as the facts." Though not often quoted, once in a while a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it. In one case the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge of the law as well as the facts, but added that it was not to judge of the law unless it was satisfied it knew more law than the judge.

An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose:

"Jedge," said he, "weren't we to jedge the law as well as the facts?"

"Certainly," was the response; "but I told you not to judge the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you knew the law better than I did."

"Well, jedge," answered the farmer, as he shifted his feet, "we considered that p'int."

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**Sufferings of a Thief.**—A thief broke into a West End house early the other morning and found himself in the music-room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he took refuge behind a screen. From eight to nine the eldest daughter had a singing lesson. From nine to ten o'clock the second daughter took a piano lesson. From ten to eleven o'clock the eldest son had a violin lesson. From eleven to twelve the other son had a lesson on the flute. At twelve-fifteen all the brothers and sisters assembled and studied a ear-splitting piece for voice, piano, violin and flute. The thief staggered out from behind the screen at twelve-forty-five, and, falling at their feet, cried: "For mercy's sake, be pitiful and have me arrested!"

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**Apollo and Raggles.**—Harriet Hosmer tells of an incident which occurred in her studio, where her statue of Apollo rested. An old lady was being shown around, a Mrs. Raggles, and she paused before this masterpiece for a long time. Finally she exclaimed: "So that's Apoller, is it?"

She was assured that it was. "Supposed to be the harnsomest man in the world, warn't he?"

She was again assured of the fact. Then, turning away, she said disgustedly: "Wal, I've seen Apoller and I've seen Raggles, an' I say, give me Raggles!"

## Far Away on Bleak Copalis

*By Herbert Bashford*

HIGH above the wild Pacific rises solemnly and lone,
Looms the rugged rock, Copalis, like a mountain built of stone

Break the heavy waves against it roaring through its caverns wide,
Caverns worn by maddened waters and the moon enchanted tide

All around the curling breakers, sifting spray, and flying foam,
Where the sea otter gambols and the gray gull has a home

All around is fierce commotion, pale forms reaching toward the skies,
Sounds of awful cannonading, haunting moans and battle cries

Clinging to its craggy summit, fastened down with massive chains
Bathed in summer's golden sunshine, drenched in winter's driving rains,

Rests a low, quaint hut, the dwelling of the brave Copalis Jim
Rests the hut whose door is open, opened never save by him

Upon this airy habitation black eyes peer on the sea
Raven locks are tossed and tangled in the sighing breeze

Night and morn he scans the billows marching grandly far below
Night and morn he sees them lifting bristling peaks all white with snow

Day by day he keeps his watch, caring naught for any man,
Watching ever with the patience that the otter hunter can.

Oft his swarthy face grows eager, oft his rifle darts its flame,
And a dying creature struggles from that quick, unerring aim

Oft when midnight winds are wailing wild thoughts arise
Thoughts of her who held him captive by the light of her eyes

In his dreams she stands before him as she stood in days agone,
Ere his heart had grown more hardened than the rock he dwells upon

And he hears her laughter ringing like the echoes of a lute,
Through the forests, dark and sombre, down the vales of Quillayute

And again he sits beside her, speaking to her words of love
With the fragrant flowers surrounding and the waving green above.

But the thunder of the breakers and the seagull's piercing scream
From the ledges, brown and jagged, break the vision of his dream

Ah! Nawanda, fair Nawanda, with your artless maiden grace,
Think you never of the lonely living in that lonely place?

He, whose fondest hopes were shattered, now a hermit, mute, alone,
Far away on bleak Copalis, on a mountain built of stone.—Overland Monthly

# Spending a Week with Mrs. Carlyle

### THE HOME LIFE OF THE CARLYLES

*By a Scotchwoman*

IN THE summer of 1865 I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Carlyle at a friend's house in the outskirts of London. She remained in charge of her house, as was her usual custom, while her husband's library was in the hands of painters and decorators. Times were changed since the early days when, in similar circumstances, she took refuge in her back garden from workmen, having put up there a tent by means of clothes props, with a light carpet thrown over them. Her gypsy instincts failed her on this occasion, and the erection fell to pieces upon her. Now there was a trusty housekeeper at Cheyne Row, so all that was incumbent was an occasional visit to note progress. Mr Carlyle was with his relatives in Scotland. Letters came from him every day, and they were read with eagerness. My place at the luncheon table was always beside Mrs. Carlyle, and one day a letter from her husband being opened by her, I could not avoid seeing the first words, "My Own Dearest." One of those letters contained a small pattern of tweed cloth, which she showed me, saying: "He wants my opinion of this, and to know whether I advise him to have a suit made of it." Generally, she said, such matters were entirely settled by her; so much so that when the tailor's man came to try on a frock coat he always asked for her decision. Turning to her he would say: "Should you like a velvet collar in preference, madam?"

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Unfortunately, long years of bad health had left her very much an invalid. It was an effort to walk much, and her hands were weakened by rheumatism, so that it was impossible for her to make any return for the letters daily received. She was woefully thin, and the charm of her early days could only be imagined. But she dressed in a [illegible] and bright glowing eyes lit [illegible]. I never saw her enter a room [illegible] had stepped out of an old Spanish [illegible].

One could understand why [illegible] said to Mr Carlyle that his wife [illegible] gant in dress, the more so that she was known to employ a court dressmaker. His reply was: "My wife is the most economical woman in London." On such subjects husbands are not always the best judges, but we may give him the benefit of the doubt. As it was difficult for her to ascend the stairs, I, then young and active, was on the watch to save her this trouble and to get for her anything she had forgotten. In acknowledgment of these services she gave me her photograph when we said good by, kindly expressing the hope that should I ever become feeble like herself I might also find a willing helper. This photograph recalls her vividly, a delicate piece of rare lace being the charming substitute for a cap.

When speaking of her husband, Mrs. Carlyle never made use of his name, but only of the pronouns he and him, and very amusing were some of the stories she told. "I like," she said, "to give people presents anonymously, that they may guess from whom they come; once I gave him an umbrella as a birthday gift, but he is so stupid that he used it for a whole year without knowing who was the giver."

A pathetic tale was told of a little dog that shared their home shortly after their settlement in London. Carlyle seemed to hate this dog, and was in the habit of showering abusive epithets on it, so much so that every [illegible] was made to keep it out of his sight. In order to insure its having sufficient exercise, the postman was in the habit of taking it with him, by its mistress' request, on his morning rounds. One day, alas! it was run over, and was brought home sadly injured, and near death. The sight of it thus hurt affected its master so deeply that he shut himself up in his room for the remainder of the day, for, notwithstanding all assertions to the contrary, he had dearly loved the dog. If Carlyle could thus deceive his wife as to his feelings, it was no wonder that he deceived others, and led them to see only the affectation of indifference that covers deep feeling, as snow often covers the volcano. This is characteristic of his nation. To betray one's tenderest emotions is to a Scotchman an unpardonable and unmanly sign of weakness.

Having so long struggled to obtain quiet for her husband, Mrs Carlyle declared that she had become as sensitive to sounds as he was. Proof of this was not lacking. A terrier, belonging to our host, of a most pacific and friendly nature, happened to bark a little on the night of her arrival. Next morning she said she must return home for a night in order to recover from the effects of sleeplessness. On her reappearance the dog was banished to a safe distance during the remainder of her visit there.

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Her carriage came daily that she might call at Cheyne Row. On one occasion I accompanied her, and thus had an opportunity of seeing the interior of the house. It had the cosy, old fashioned air which is given by Scotch furniture in middle class English houses, everything seeming too large for the general proportion. What struck me most was Mrs. Carlyle's bedroom, on the third floor facing the front. On entering you saw nothing but a large four post bed, with scarlet curtains. It had been made for a large room with high ceiling, such as are common in Scotland, and it seemed hideously out of place in this small, low ceiled London room, where there was barely space to walk round it. Fortunately a tiny dressing room opened out of it, so one's mind was set at rest as to the space needful for comfort.

The brightest time for Mrs Carlyle's talk was during dinner. Day after day she poured forth witty stories, most of which I [illegible] often but, in any case, it would be desecration to attempt to repeat almost any of them. The characteristics of living men and women were often dashed off in a few pithy words not without satirical touches. George Henry Lewes was not one of her favorites. But I noted with pleasure the way in which she spoke of the wonderful transformation effected by the influence on him of George Eliot and her works.

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One of her experiences was when visiting a shoemaker's shop to make a purchase, at the time when sandaled shoes were worn like those represented in the original illustrations of Dickens. The sandals were of black ribbon uncut until the shoes were worn by the purchaser at home. Mrs Carlyle tried on many shoes, and each time that a shoe proved unsuitable she unconsciously slung it on her left arm. Being at last suited, and, having paid her bill, she left the shop, and had walked a little way when she heard a shout behind her. Looking back she saw the shopman running after her, much excited, and insisting on her returning the stolen shoes. Looking down she saw, to her surprise, a number of shoes dangling from her arm. The man indignantly asked her name and address. Her astonishment was such that her name was obliterated for the time from her memory, and all she could recollect was her maiden name, "Miss Welsh." The humor in this tale was enhanced to those who knew her, from its being so much out of keeping with her usual self possession.

Her death scene, a year later, when "Mr Sylvester," as she named her coachman, during a drive, turned and looked into the carriage surprised at receiving no orders as to the route, and saw her sitting, lifeless, with a pet dog on her knee, has often come to me since that pleasant week.

My strongest impression was of the deep mutual love evidently subsisting between Mrs Carlyle and her husband. Every subject we discussed seemed to recall thoughts of him. If the piano were opened his song of the "Blue Day" was referred to, or asked for; if any literary man were mentioned, his opinion of him was given, or a story was told showing his relation to other men of note. I felt as if listening to the love-talk of a youthful engaged couple, and when, in later days, Froude opened up a floodgate of misunderstanding, I felt assured there was a radical misconception of the true state of affairs. There might be outside grumbling in the daily life of the childless couple, but at heart there was only love of the truest and deepest kind.

It is pleasant to find in one of Browning's letters this sentence: "I dined with dear Carlyle and his wife (catch me calling people 'dear' in a hurry except in letter beginnings!) yesterday. I don't know any people like them."—The Independent.

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## Color in Every Photograph

ON ONE occasion, while he was prosecuting attorney, Luther Laflin Mills, says the Chicago Record, came upon an indictment returned against a Chinese laundryman upon the charge of having assaulted an Irish policeman with intent to kill. He thought this an exceptionally curious case, and upon examining the prosecuting witness and others he threw out the indictment as being wholly absurd. The compatriots of the Chinaman were very grateful for this act of justice, and in pigeon English assured Mr Mills that they would not forget his kindness. Five or six years after this happening the affair was recalled to Mr Mills' attention by a very pleasant incident.

One Sunday, while Mr Mills sat on the lawn in front of his north shore home, two carriages rolled up and out stepped a delegation of Chinamen attired in native costumes. The delegation was ushered into the house, bearing numerous packages of teas, fans, silks, etc., which were distributed about to the several members of the family. Before taking his departure, the spokesman of the party asked Mr Mills to let him have a cabinet photograph he saw on the mantelpiece; it was a picture of the Mills children very prettily grouped. Mr Mills gave it.

This incident remained a mystery until quite recently, when there arrived a parcel from Hong Kong containing an enlarged water color reproduction of the photograph, giving the details of expression and color with startling fidelity. "This is our present to you," said the Chinaman. "But how was it possible for that artist on the other side of the globe to know what shade of color to give to the hair and eyes of those children whom he never saw? That's what puzzles me," said Mr. Mills. The Chinaman replied that the art of photography was so thoroughly understood in China that it was easy to determine from the revelations of the magnifying glass just what color, and what shade and what tint were represented by what the plain photograph told.

## Women in Journalism

*By S. Frank Clark*

NEWSPAPER men, perhaps more than those engaged in any other occupation, are able to study closely that queer product of the latter end of the nineteenth century, the girl bachelor.

Moved by some mysterious tendency which apparently extends from one end of the country to the other, woman, especially young woman, feels impelled to abandon home, mother, family, all the ties that kept the maiden of other generations beneath the family roof until some swain offered her a home, to strike out in the world and earn her own living.

Independence? That is the explanation.

Has she a pleasant home in a country town or inland city? She is impelled to leave it to make her own way in a great city like Philadelphia or New York. Has she a lover? He can wait. She does not want to marry—at least, not until she has shown that she can be independent, and if her lover tires of waiting she tells herself that independence is more precious than any man's love. Besides, she reads the divorce cases in the newspapers, and concludes that happiness exists not except through independence. The nineteenth century girl is ambitious. She would show the world that one woman can spring from obscurity to fame. She pictures herself perched upon the highest pinnacle of art, science or letters, with all the world at her feet in admiration.

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That is the girl we meet in newspaper work, more than in other occupations, for if she does not enter the newspaper business directly we are sure to encounter her at art students' exhibitions and commencements of law and medical schools. It is when she determines to write for the newspapers or magazines, however, that we see her best and can study the phenomenon at short range. Reporters meet her on all sorts of assignments. She is at balls and the opera doing the costumes, at the races, doing the horses, in politics, at police headquarters, at hospitals, in search of a pitiful story, down in the slums after low life sketches, or up in the fashionable quarters among the leaders of society.

Thus we meet the newspaper woman, who is, in most instances, a girl bachelor. She is always interesting, usually neat, and attractive in face, figure and dress, and sometimes quite pretty.

Her first appearance in a newspaper office causes something like a shock, but when the men awake to the fact that she is not a freak, but a fellow in skirts trying to earn bread and butter, if the feeling is not one of the warmest welcome it is at least tolerant and kindly. To be sure, her presence makes a certain amount of decorum necessary, and some of the boys are required to revise their vocabulary, but newspaper men do not, as a rule, begrudge a woman a chance to earn a living.

Editors, desk men and reporters treat her well, but unpleasant experiences are apt to come to her, and after a little when she fails to obtain a salaried position at any of the newspaper offices where she has been working her enthusiasm wanes. Then she writes special stories and peddles them from office to office. Often she climbs the stairs to some managing editor in a top loft and leaves a neatly folded package of manuscript, only to receive it again a few days later with the information that it is not available.

But some women succeed in journalism. One in ten thousand! Of those who do not succeed, many go home to their mothers discouraged, others are taken home with well developed cases of nervous prostration, and some others conclude that the uncertainties of matrimony are less fearful than living on the brink of a precipice.

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But the woman who succeeds. She is marvelously clever; she sees and thinks, and writes what she sees and thinks, in a way that makes editors who have once handled her copy long for more. She lives under high pressure to fill the demand, and all her pet habits and fads and fancies are put aside, for she barely has time to eat or sleep. Out at work early in the morning, late at night, in all weathers, regardless of physical ineptitude, it is grind, grind, grind, until her head is in a whirl. Dazed so that she cannot sleep when she drops exhausted upon her couch, she is apt to resort to some sedative to get a little rest. When awake she is so tired her thoughts will not connect, but all go in a jumble. She thinks of insane asylums, and goes to see her doctor, who sends her to the country for a week's rest to save her mind from giving way. She rests and returns to the grind again, and with intervals for recuperation she gets along, and her work is praised on all sides. Her name appears at the bottom of signed articles in the Sunday papers and magazines, and she is independent. She is supported by no man, she is a burden upon no family, [illegible] mistress. She lives in a boarding house of the better class, and wears good clothes.

But when she sits down all alone late at night, she ponders and asks herself this question, "Is the game worth the candle?"

# Race for Life in Dead Valley

### THE STORY OF A NIGHT OF TERROR

*By Ralph Adams Cram*

I HAVE a friend O of Ehrensvard a Swede by birth who yet, by reason of a strange and melancholy mischance of his early boyhood, has thrown his lot with that of the New World It is a curious story of a headstrong boy and a proud and relentless family the details do not matter here, but they are sufficient to weave a romance at and the tall, yellow-bearded man with the sad eyes

In the winter evenings we play chess together he and I, and after some close, fierce battles have been fought to a finish usually with my own defeat we fill our pipes again and Ehrensvard tells me stories of far, half remembered days in the Fatherland, before he went to sea—stories that grow very strange and incredible as the night deepens and the fire falls together

One of them made a strong impression on me, so I set it down here

"I never told you how Nils and I went over the hills to Hallsberg, and how we found the Dead Valley, did I? Well, this is the way it happened I must have been about twelve years old, and Nils Sjoberg, whose father's estate joined ours, was a few months younger We were inseparable at that time, and whatever we did we did together.

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"Once a week it was market [illegible] Ingelholm and Nils and I went always there to see the strange sights that the market gathered from all the surrounding country One day we quite lost our hearts, for an old man from across the Elfborg had brought a little dog to sell that seemed to us the most beautiful dog in all the world He was a round, woolly puppy, so funny that Nils and I sat down on the ground and laughed at him, until he came and played with us in so jolly a way that we felt that there was only one real desirable thing in life, and that was the little dog of the old man from across the hills But, alas! we had not half money enough wherewith to buy him, so we were forced to beg the old man not to sell him before the next market day, promising that we would bring the money for him then He gave us his word, and we ran home very fast and implored our mothers to give us money for the dog

We got the money, but we could not wait for the next market day. Suppose the puppy should be sold! The thought frightened us so that we begged and implored that we might be allowed to go over the hills to Hallsberg, where the old man lived, and get the little dog ourselves, and at last they told us we might go. By starting early in the morning we should reach Hallsberg [illegible] o'clock, and it was arranged that we should stay there that night with Nils' uncle, leaving by noon the next day to come again by sunset

"Soon after sunrise we were on our way, after having received minute instructions as to just what we should do in all possible and impossible circumstances, and, finally, a repeated injunction that we should start for home at the same hour the next day, so we might get back before nightfall.

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"For us it was magnificent sport, and we started off with our rifles, full of the sense of our very great importance, yet the journey was simple enough, along a good road, across the big hills we knew so well, for Nils and I had shot over half the territory this side of the dividing ridge of the Elfborg. Back of Engelholm lay a long valley, from which rose the long mountains and we had to cross these, and then follow the road along the side of the hills for three or four miles, where a narrow path branched off to the left, leading up through the pass

Nothing occurred of interest on the way over, and we reached Hallsberg in due season found to our joy the little dog was still for sale secured him, and so went to the house of Nils' aunt to spend the night

"Why we did not leave early on the following day I cannot quite remember, at all events, I know we stopped at a shooting range just outside of the town, where most attractive pasteboard pigs were sliding slowly through painted foliage, serving as such beautiful marks The result was that we did not get fairly started for home until afternoon, and as we found ourselves at last climbing up the side of the mountains, with the sun dangerously near their summits, I think we were a little scared at the prospect of the possible punishment that awaited us when we got home at midnight

"Therefore we hurried as fast as possible up the mountain side, while the blue dusk closed in about us and the light died in the purple sky At first we had talked hilariously, and the little dog had leaped ahead of us with the utmost joy Latterly, however, a curious oppression came on us, we did not speak, or even whistle while the dog fell behind following us with hesitation at every mile

We had passed through the foothills and the low spurs of the mountains, and were almost at the top of the main range. It seemed life seemed to go out of everything, leaving the world dead, so suddenly silent the forest became, so stagnant the air. Instinctively we halted to listen

"Perfect silence—the crushing silence of deep forests at night; and more, for always, even in the most impenetrable fastnesses of the wooded mountains, is the multitudinous murmur of little lives awakened by the darkness, exaggerated and intensified by the stillness of the air and the great darkness; but here and now the silence seemed unbroken even by the turn of a leaf, the movement of a twig, the note of night bird or insect. I could hear the blood beat through my veins, and the crushing of the grass under our feet as we advanced with hesitating steps sounded like the falling of trees.

"And the air was stagnant—dead The atmosphere seemed to lie upon the body like a weight of sea on a diver who has ventured too far into its awful depths. What we usually call silence seems so only in relation to the din of ordinary experience. This was silence in the absolute, and it crushed the mind while it intensified the senses, bringing down the awful weight of inextinguishable fear

"I know that Nils and I stared toward each other in abject terror, listening to our quick, heavy breathing, that sounded to our acute senses like the lifeful rush of waters. And the poor little dog we were leading justified our terror. The black oppression seemed to crush him even as it did us. He lay close on the ground, moaning feebly and dragging himself painfully and slowly closer to Nils' feet. I think it is exhibition of utter animal fear was the last touch, and must inevitably have blasted our reason—must in any way, but just then, as we stood quaking on the bounds of madness, came a sound, so awful, so ghastly, so horrible, that it seemed to rouse us from the dead spell that was on us into some semblance of life.

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"In the depth of the silence came a cry, beginning as a low, sorrowful moan, rising to a tremendous shriek, culminating in a yell that seemed to tear the night asunder and rend the world as by a cataclysm. So fearful was it that I could not believe it had actual existence, it passed previous experience, the powers of belief, and for a moment I thought it the result of my own terror—a hallucination born of tottering reason

"A glance at Nils dispelled this thought in a flash. In the pale light of the high stars he was the embodiment of all possible human fear, quaking with an ague, his jaw fallen, his tongue out, his eyes protruding like those of a hanged man. Without a word we fled, the panic of fear giving us strength, and together, the little dog caught close in Nils' arms, we sped down the side of the cursed mountains—anywhere, goal was of no account; we had but one impulse to get away from that place

Down under the black trees and the far white stars that flashed through the still leaves overhead, we leaped down the mountain side, regardless of path or landmark, straight through the tangled underbrush, across mountain streams, through fens and copses—anywhere, so only that our course was downward

"How long we ran thus I have no idea, but by and by the forest fell behind, and we found ourselves among the foothills, and fell exhausted on the dry, short grass

"It was lighter here in the open, and presently we looked around to see where we were, and how we were to strike out in order to find the path that would lead us home We looked in vain for a familiar sign Behind us rose the great wall of a black forest on the flank of the mountain, before us lay the undulating mounds of low foothills, unbroken by trees or rocks, and beyond only the pall of black sky bright with multitudinous stars that turned its velvet depth to a luminous gra

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"As I remember, we did not speak to each other once, the terror was too heavy on us for that, but by and by we rose simultaneously and started out across the hills

"Still the same silence, the same dead, motionless air—air that was at once sultry and chilling, a heavy heat struck through with an icy chill that felt almost like the burning of frozen steel Still carrying the helpless dog Nils pressed on through the hills and I followed close behind At last, in front of us rose a slope of moor touching the white stars We climbed it wearily, reached the top, and gazed down into a valley filled half way to the brim with—what? As far as the eye could see stretched a level plain of ashy white, faintly phosphorescent, a sea of velvet fog that in motionless water, or rather like [illegible] plaster, so dense did it appear, so seemingly capable of sustaining weight. If it were possible I think that sea of dead white mist struck even greater terror into my soul than the heavy silence or the deadly cry so ominous was it, so utterly unreal, so phantasmal, so impossible, as it lay there like a dead ocean under the steady stars. Yet through the mist we must go! There seemed no other way home, and, shattered with abject fear, mad with the one desire to get back we started down the slope to where the sea of milky mist ceased, sharp and distinct around the stems of the rough grass.

I put one foot into the ghostly fog A chill as of death struck through me, stopping my heart, and I threw myself backward on the slope. At that instant came again the shriek, close, close, right in our ears, in ourselves, and far out across that fearful sea I saw the cold fog lift like a waterspout and toss itself high in writhing convolutions toward the sky. The stars began to grow dim as thick vapor swept across them, and in the growing dark I saw a great, watery moon lift itself slowly across the palpitating sea, vast and vague in the gathering mist

"This was enough, we turned and fled along the margin of the white sea, that throbbed now with fitful motion below us, rising, slowly and steadily, driving us higher and higher up the side of the foothills.

"It was a race for life; that we knew How we kept it up I cannot understand, but we did, and at last we saw the white sea fall behind us as we staggered up the end of the valley, and then down into a region that we knew, and so into the old path. The last thing I remember was hearing a strange voice, that of Nils, but horribly changed, stammer brokenly, 'The dog is dead!' and then the world turned around twice slowly, and consciousness went out with a crash

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"It was some three weeks later, as I remember, that I awoke in my own room, and found my mother sitting beside my bed I could not think very well at first but as I slowly grew strong again vague flashes of recollection began to come to me, and little by little the whole sequence of events of that awful night in the Dead Valley came back All that I could gain from what was told me was that three weeks before I had been found in my own bed, raging sick, and that my illness grew fast into brain fever. I tried to speak of the dread things that had happened to me, but I saw at once that no one looked on them save as the hauntings of a dying frenzy, and so I closed my mouth and kept my own counsel

"I must see Nils, however, and so I asked for him. My mother told me that he also had been ill with a strange fever, and that he was now quite well again Presently they brought him in, and when we were alone I began to speak to him of the night on the mountain. I shall never forget the shock that struck me down on my pillow when the boy denied everything; denied having gone with me, ever having heard the cry, having seen the valley, or feeling the chill of the ghostly fog Nothing would shake his determined ignorance, and in spite of myself I was forced to admit that his denials came from no policy of concealment, but from blank oblivion.

"My weakened brain was in a turmoil Was it all but the floating phantasms of delirium? Or had the horror of the real thing blotted Nils' mind into blankness so far as the events of the night in the Dead Valley were concerned? The latter explanation seemed the only one, else how explain the sudden illness which in a night had struck us both down? I said nothing more, either to Nils or to my own people, but waited, with a growing determination that, once well again, I would find that valley if it really existed and learn its character

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"It was some weeks before I was really well enough to go, but finally, late in September, I chose a bright, warm, still day, the last smile of the dying summer, and started early in the morning along the path that led to Hallsberg I was sure I knew where the trail struck off to the right down which we had come from the valley of dead water, for a great tree grew by the Hallsberg path at the point where, with a sense of salvation, we had found the home road. Presently I saw it a little distance ahead

"I think the bright sunlight and the clear air had worked as a tonic to me, for by the time I came to the foot of the great pine I had quite lost faith in the verity of the vision that haunted me, believing at last that it was indeed but the nightmare of madness. Nevertheless, I turned sharply to the right, at the base of the tree, into a narrow path that led through a dense thicket. As I did so I tripped over something A swarm of flies sung in the air around me, and looking down I saw the matted fleece, with the poor little bones thrusting through, of the dog we had bought in Hallsberg

"Then my courage went out with a puff and I knew that it was all true, and that now I was frightened Pride and the desire for adventure urged me on, however, and I pressed into the close thicket that barred my way The path was hardly visible; merely the worn road of some small beasts, for, though it showed in the crisp grass, the bushes above grew thick and hardly penetrable. The land rose slowly, and rising grew clearer, until at last I came out on a great slope of hill, unbroken by trees or shrubs, very like my memory of that rise of land we had topped in order that we might find the Dead Valley and the [illegible] looked at the sun, it was bright [illegible] and all around insects were humming in the autumn air and birds were darting to and fro. Surely there was no danger, not until nightfall at least; so I began to whistle, and with a rush mounted the last crest

"There lay the Dead Valley! A great oval basin, almost as smooth and regular as though made by man On all sides the grass crept over the brink of the encircling hills dusty green on the crests, then fading to ashy brown, and so to a deadly white, this last color forming a thin ring, running in a long line around the slope And then? Nothing Bare, brown, hard earth, glittering with grains of alkali, but otherwise dead and barren. Not a tuft of grass, not a stick of brushwood, not a stone, only the vast expanse of beaten clay

In the midst of the basin, perhaps a mile and a half away, the level expanse was broken by a great dead tree, rising leafless and gaunt into the air. Without a moment's hesitation I started down into the valley and made for this goal. Every particle of fear seemed to have left me, and even the valley itself did not look so very terrifying.

"As I drew near the skeleton tree I noticed the glint of sunlight on a kind of white mound around its roots, and I wondered curiously. It was not until I had come close that I saw its nature

"All around the roots and barkless trunk was heaped a wilderness of little bones. Tiny skulls of rodents and of birds, thousands of them, rising about the dead tree and streaming off for several yards in all directions, until the dreadful pile ended in isolated skulls and scattered skeletons Here and there a larger bone appeared—the thigh of a sheep, the hoofs of a horse, and to one side, grinning slowly, a human skull

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"I stood quite still, staring with all my eyes, when suddenly the dead silence was broken by a faint, forlorn cry high over my head. I looked up and saw a great falcon turning and sailing downward just over the tree In a moment more she fell motionless

"Horror struck me, and I rushed for home, my brain whirling, a strange numbness growing in me. I ran steadily, on and on. At last I glanced up. There was the rise of the hill. I looked around wildly Close before me was the dead tree with its pile of bones. I had circled it round and round, and the valley was still a mile and a half away.

"I stood dazed and frozen. The sun was sinking, red and dull, toward the line of hills. In the east the dark was growing fast Was there still time? Time! It was not that I wanted. It was will! My feet seemed clogged as in a nightmare I could hardly drag them over the barren earth And then I felt the slow chill creeping through me I looked down Out of the earth a thin mist was rising, collecting in little pools which grew ever larger until they joined here and there, their currents swirling slowly like thin, blue smoke. The western hills halved the copper sun. When it was dark I should hear that shriek again, and then I should die. I knew that, and with every remaining atom of will I staggered toward the red west through the writhing mist that crept clammily around my ankles, retarding my steps

"But I won! though not a moment too soon. As I crawled on my hands and knees up the brown slope, I heard, far away and high in the air, the cry that already had almost bereft me of reason. It was faint and vague, but unmistakable in its horrible intensity. I glanced behind. The fog was dense and pallid, heaving undulously up the brown slope. The sky was gold under the setting sun but below was the ashy gray of death. I stood for a moment on the brink of this sea of hell, and then I leaped down the slope The sunset opened before me, the night closed behind, and as I crawled home darkness shut down on the Dead Valley."—A short story from Black Spirits and White. By Ralph Adams Cram. (Published by Stone & Kimball, in their delightful Carnation Series.)

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### *A Secret Told by the Microscope*

SOME years ago Ehrenberg, that old prince of microscopists, was employed by the Prussian Government to investigate a case of smuggling. A cask had been opened, valuables extracted, and the case repacked and shipped onward to its destination The only clew to the criminals was that the unpacking must have been done at some of the custom houses through which the goods [illegible]. To all appearance the microscope had a hopeless task But not so. Ehrenberg took some of the sand that had been used in the repacking, placed it under his microscope, looked through his magic tube, and behold! there lay a peculiar specimen of Foraminifera That animal was found at only one place in the world, and told just where the crime had been committed

# Under the Evening Lamp

## HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

### The Song of the Gun

THE furnace was white with steel alight,
When my new-born spirit came
In a molten flood of the war-god's blood,
In a passion of fire and flame.

I looked o'er the deep from a lofty steep
With a strong heart full of pride;
Like a King alone on his stately throne
Whose word no man denied.

My thunder spoke from the battle smoke,
When the waves ran crimson red,
And heroes died by my iron side,
Till the foreign foeman fled.

The sentence of death was in my breath,
And many a ship went down—
Oh, the gun is lord of the feeble sword,
And greater is his renown.

Now the long grass hides my rusty sides,
And round me the children play;
But I dream by night of a last great fight,
Ere the trump of the Judgment Day.

For men must fight in the cause of right,
Till the time when war shall cease;
And the song of the gun will ne'er be done
Till the dawn of lasting peace.

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### How Tumblers Got Their Name

EVERY day we drink out of a tumbler. Why is the large glass that holds our milk and water so called? Years ago Professor Max Muller was giving a luncheon at All Souls' College, Oxford, to the Princess Alice, the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt and the second daughter of Queen Victoria. There were not a dozen guests besides the Princess and her husband, and a very agreeable luncheon was had, with talk on all kinds of interesting subjects.

But what excited the curiosity of all strangers present was a set of little round bowls of silver, about the size of a large orange. They were brought around filled to the brim with the famous ale brewed in the college. These, we are told, were tumblers, and we were speedily shown how they came by their names—a fitting lesson for the guests of a philologist. When one of these little bowls was empty it was placed upon the table mouth downward. Instantly, so perfect was its balance, it flew back to its proper position as if asking to be filled again. No matter how it was treated—trundled along the floors, balanced carefully on its side, dropped suddenly upon the soft, thick carpet—up it rolled again, and settled itself with a few gentle shakings and swayings into its place, like one of those India-rubber tumbling dolls babies delight in.

This, then, was the origin of our word tumbler, at first made of silver, as are all these All Souls' tumblers. Then, when glass became common, the round glasses that stood on a flat base superseded the exquisitely balanced silver spheres and stole their names so successfully that you have to go to All Souls' to see the real thing.

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### Natural Flowers Embedded in Tiles

CUT flowers petrified by a process which preserves their color, and then embedded in a hard, transparent substance, the composition of which is a secret, says The Upholsterer, are now used for decorative tiling or flooring. A material has been discovered, combined with a process, which is the inventor's secret, for completely hardening and, so to speak, petrifying natural flowers (and—what is more wonderful—preserving their colors), and embedding them flush into the surface of a kind of liquid marble, or alabaster, the whole receiving several coatings of a transparent polishing substance, and drying hard as a rock. Some dadoes and friezes in a new house were made by this method, with sunflowers, peonies, and dahlias, and are said to be very handsome. The London residence of one of our countrymen, whose identity is concealed by the description, "a wealthy American gentleman," has the conservatory floor studded by this new process with chrysanthemums of every known variety and color. Another floor is a deep-water effect, with white lilies, and with minnows swimming below a transparent surface. The treatment is beautifully applied to table tops and small panels.

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### Friday is Not an Unlucky Day

FRIDAY, February 22, 1732, George Washington was born.

Friday, March 25, 1609, the Hudson River was discovered.

Friday, June 30, 1461, Louis XI humbled the French nobles.

Friday, March 18, 1776, the Stamp Act was repealed in England.

Friday, June 13, 1492, Columbus discovered the continent of America.

Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made the final landing at Plymouth Rock.

Friday, June 10, 1834, Spurgeon, the celebrated English preacher, was born.

Friday, November 20, 1721, the first Masonic lodge was organized in North America.

Friday, November 28, 1814, the first newspaper printed by steam, the London Times, was printed.

Friday, January 12, 1433, Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, was born, the richest sovereign of Europe.

Friday, June 12, 1802, Alexander Von Humboldt, in climbing Chimborazo, reached an altitude of 19,200 feet.

Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded Saint Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years.

Friday, April 8, 1646, the first known newspaper advertisement was published in The Imperial Intelligencer, in England.

Friday, May 14, 1586, Gabriel Fahrenheit, usually regarded as the inventor of the common mercurial thermometer, was born.

Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII of England gave to John Cabot his commission which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England.

Friday, July 7, 1776, the motion was made in Congress by John Adams, and seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Friday, March 20, 1738, Pope Clement XII promulgated his bull of excommunication against Freemasons. Ever since the allocution excommunicating indiscriminately all Freemasons the order has received an immense forward impetus in Italy, France, Spain and other countries.

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### Hope on, Hope Ever

*By Gerald Massey*

HOPE on, hope ever, though to-day be dark [now;
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-mor-
Though thou art lonely there's an eye will mark
Thy loneliness, and guerdon every sorrow,
Though thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men
With none to echo back thy thought or love thee;
Cheer up, poor heart! thou dost not beat in vain,
For God is over all, and Heaven above thee;
Hope on, hope ever.

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### Sealing Bottles by Electricity

*By A. M. Villon*

THE loss and deterioration of champagne, due to the escape of gas, has long, he says, made some process of perfect airtight sealing desirable. M. Villon accomplished this by covering the cork and part of the neck with a thin layer of copper electrically deposited. For this purpose the neck of the bottle is coated with a conducting substance such as black lead, zinc, or copper powder, and plunged in a galvanic bath. This bath has a cover of paraffined wood with conical holes, which are lined with copper rings. All these rings are connected among themselves and with the negative pole of the dynamo, while a copper sheet in the bath is connected with the positive pole. The bottles are simply inserted in the holes, neck down, and when a layer of two-tenths to three-tenths of a millimetre has been deposited the current is stopped. The deposit may be gilt or silvered, or given any desired shade in special baths. The process, of course, can be employed to seal bottles for mineral waters, preserves, and a variety of products that call for hermetical sealing.—La Nature.

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### The Resurrection Plant in Bloom

ENTERPRISING florists, says the Philadelphia Record, are now attracting the attention of the public by displaying new and surprising specimens of the resurrection plant. What is generally known as the rose of Jericho is, perhaps, the most widely known of these curiosities in plant life, and other varieties have recently been added to the list of resurrection oddities. The rose of Jericho is said to be imported from the valley of the River Jordan, and is the resurrection plant mentioned in the Bible. The plant, when received from its native home, is simply a bunch of leafless and seemingly lifeless sticks or branches, clustered together tightly. When placed in a glass of water, however, the branches expand, seed buds unfold, and soon the green foliage starts out, and the plant really grows.

The Mexican resurrection plant is the fluffy fern-like variety often noticed in saucers of water in the florist's window. This delights the children, as the plant is so quickly resurrected from a dry, hard ball to a green living plant. When it is dormant, it is a dry, shrunken, rounded ball of tightly folded leaflets, dry and dead. It is dropped into a bowl of tepid water, and soon one frond-like tip curls slowly outward, then another and another, and in a short time there is floating in the dish a beautiful metallic-green plant; a great loose-expanded rosette of fine fern-like leaves, odd and beautiful.

This experiment can be repeated many times, the plant curling together tightly when dry and expanding into new life when soaked in water. The asteriscus pygmæus is the only resurrection plant that develops blossoms. In reality, it is the blossom that is resurrected from a dry, hard shell-like substance to a full-blown flower. The dry sticks holding these buds are leafless, and the whole affair seems insignificant, dead and worthless, but when placed in water the stems take on new life, the dead flower-buds show signs of green, and soon the petals expand and display their fluffy centres. These three varieties of resurrection plants may be kept indefinitely, and their strength does not seem in the least exhausted by repeated resurrections.

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### Man's Relative Height and Weight

THE proper relations between a man's height and weight are as follows:

| Height | Weight |
|---|---|
| 5 feet 1 inch, | 120 pounds |
| 5 feet 2 inches, | 126 pounds |
| 5 feet 3 inches, | 133 pounds |
| 5 feet 4 inches, | 136 pounds |
| 5 feet 5 inches, | 142 pounds |
| 5 feet 6 inches, | 145 pounds |
| 5 feet 7 inches, | 148 pounds |
| 5 feet 8 inches, | 155 pounds |
| 5 feet 9 inches, | 162 pounds |
| 5 feet 10 inches, | 169 pounds |
| 5 feet 11 inches, | 174 pounds |
| 6 feet, | 178 pounds |

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### With Instruments 3000 Years Old

AN ENORMOUS crowd fills the museum court and the neighboring square at Copenhagen every midsummer day to listen to a unique concert, says the San Francisco Chronicle. A number of ancient Scandinavian horns more than three thousand years old, called "luren," are kept in the museum. Of this collection fourteen are in good condition. They have an elegant shape, and the flat metallic plates at the mouthpiece show good technical perfection and a developed taste for art. They are in different pieces fitted together. They were found buried in moorland, and their good preservation is believed to be due to the turfy water. They are of very thin metal, and generally seven feet long. They were always found in pairs, the one in tune with the other. A few years ago it was found out by Dr. Hammerich that they could still be blown or played upon. Their tones resemble those of the tenor horn, and they have a soft but powerful sound. Some are tuned in C and E sharp, others in D, E or G, and these tones form an accord, but no "scale." On the balcony in the court of the palace in which is kept the Northern Museum, two members of the "capella" blow tunes on two of these primeval horns to delight the inhabitants.

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### There is No Unbelief

*By Lizzie York Case*

THERE is no Unbelief!
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
Be patient, heart, light breaketh by-and-by,
Trusts the Most High.

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever sees 'neath winter's fields of snow
The silent harvests of the future grow,
God's power must know.

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever says to-morrow, the unknown,
The future, trusts that power alone
He dare disown.

There is no Unbelief!
The heart that looks on when dear eyelids close
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no Unbelief!
For thus by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.—Detroit Free Press.

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### Napoleon and the Letter "M"

*By J. M. Buckley*

MARBŒUF was the first to recognize the genius of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire, Marengo was the greatest battle gained by Bonaparte, and Melas opened to him the way to Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals, Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Marie Louise partook of his highest destinies, Moscow was the abyss in which he was ingulfed. Metternich conquered him on the field of diplomacy. Six marshals (Massena, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat, Moncey) and twenty-six of his generals of divisions had names beginning with the letter M. Murat, Duke of Bassano, was the counselor in whom he placed the greatest confidence. His first great battle was that of Montenotte, his last was that of Mount Saint-Jean. He gained the battles of Moscow, Montmirail and Montereau. Then came the assault of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemies' capital and Moscow the last into which he entered. He lost through the blunders of Menon, and in Egypt employed Miollis to make Pius XII prisoner. Malet conspired against him; afterward Marmont. His ministers were Maret, Montalivet and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montesquieu, his last sojourn Malmaison. He gave himself up to Captain Maitland. He had for his companion at Saint Helena, Montholon, and for valet, Marchand.—Astrology and Coincidences.

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### Tea at $143 per Pound

ONE hundred and forty-three dollars a pound is what Ceylon tea of a certain kind brought at auction in London some time ago. This is stated, says the Buffalo Courier, on the authority of J. H. Grairo, of the Ceylon Importing Company, who says planters of Ceylon were as much surprised as you or I or the next person at such a fabulous price. Owing to certain peculiarities a pound of that tea probably represents, approximately, one hundred and forty-three dollars' worth of labor; but the figure it fetched is so extraordinary as to give the tea or the sale absolutely no commercial value whatever. This is particularly so because this tea has no appreciably finer flavor. It is named "the golden tips." The leaves, when only twenty-four hours old, are picked from the top only of tea bushes. They are very small, not half as big as your finger nail, and extra expert pickers are required to gather them. It can be imagined that three hundred or four hundred people on the plantation must pick over several acres of bushes to get enough green one-day-old tea leaves to make a pound of tea when dried. Ordinary tea is from leaves which are ten days old, and consequently very much larger.

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### The Most Beautiful Spot on Earth

NO MATTER how far you may have wandered hitherto, or how many famous gorges and valleys you have seen, writes John Muir in the Atlantic, this one, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, will seem as novel to you, as unearthly in the color and grandeur and quantity of its architecture, as if you had found it after death on some other star; so incomparably lovely, and grand, and supreme is it above all the other delightful cañons in our fire-moulded, earthquake-shaken, rain-washed and wave-washed, river and glacier sculptured world. It is about six thousand feet deep where you first see it, and from rim to rim ten to fifteen miles wide. And instead of being dependent for interest on waterfalls, depth, wall sculpture, and beauty of park-like floor, like most other cañons, no waterfalls are in sight, and there is, in reality, no appreciable floor space.

The big river has room enough to flow and roar obscurely, here and there groping its way as best it can, like a weary, murmuring, overladen traveler trying to escape from the tremendous, bewildering, labyrinthic abyss, while its roar serves only to mellow and deepen the silence. Instead of being filled only with air, the vast space between the walls is crowded with Nature's grandest buildings—a sublime city of them painted in every color of the rainbow, and adorned with richly fretted cornice and battlement, spire and tower in endless variety of style and architecture. Every architectural invention of man has been anticipated and far more, in this grandest of God's terrestrial cities where awe fills the spectator's soul.

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### Wisdom from French Thinkers

COURAGE is the light of adversity.
—Vauvenargues.

THE first and most important quality of woman is sweetness.—J. J. Rousseau.

TRUE liberty it that of a mind freed from the vanities of this world.—Anatole France.

THE sweetest harmony is the sound of the voice of the woman one loves.—La Bruyere.

DO NOT disdain your situation in life. It is there that you must act, suffer and conquer.—H. F. Amiel.

MARRIAGE must incessantly fight against a monster which devours everything—habit.
—H. de Balzac.

MAN progresses from aversion to love; but when he began with love and arrives at aversion he never returns to love.
—H. de Balzac.

IN THE thought of God there are only two women to be involved in the life of a man: his mother and the mother of his children.
—Octave Feuillet.

A GREAT mind is above injury, injustice, pain and mockery. A great mind would be invulnerable if it did not suffer through compassion.—La Bruyere.

IT IS remarkable that the most ancient philosophy is completely pessimistic, and that man, as soon as he could think, condemned the universe and denied life.
—Jules Lemaitre.

# In the Children's World

*ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS*

## The Fate of Two Dolls

*By Arthur Law*

TWO little dolls, so I've been told,
Once lived on a shelf together,
Her head and her arms were all of wax
While his were of wood and leather.
Her cheeks were pink and her eyes were blue,
Her hair of a lovely golden hue;
And therefore, you see, she could never deign
To notice a doll who was coarse and plain.
For so it befell this tiny pair
One was for look and one for wear;
One for use and one for show;
And that's the way of the world, you know.

When first they met one summer day,
He greeted her most urbanely,
She saw that he quite forgot his place
And told him so very plainly.
"Your birth is shown in your wooden face,
Of waxen blood you have not a trace;
So, once for all, be it understood,
That wax can never consort with wood."
Then she said, with a freezing stare,
"I'm for look and you for wear;
You're for use and I'm for show;
And that's the way of the world, you know."

All on a fateful summer's day
The pair for a walk were taken.
Somebody left them 'mongst the hay
And then they were both forsaken.
Then, while they lay in the noonday sun,
The bloom on her cheeks began to run;
Her eyes fell out and her nose fell in,
And she lost forever her rounded chin!
Then he, who had never turned a hair,
Said, "You're for look and I'm for wear,
I'm for use and you for show;
And that's the way of the world, you know."

—Pall Mall Magazine.

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## The Mice that Disobeyed

"MY DEAR, just listen to the noise those children are making," said Longwhiskers, an old mouse, to his wife Brighteyes, as a sound of scurrying to and fro and squeaking awoke them from a nap that they had been enjoying in a cosy nest in the wall of an old stable.

"Yes," replied Brighteyes, "how they are enjoying themselves. I suppose they do enjoy themselves more when they have no one looking after them. You remember you told them yourself the other day that 'When the cat's away the mice will play.'"

"I hope," returned Longwhiskers, getting up, "that you don't mean to compare either yourself or me to a cat; but I must go and put a stop to this noise—there is no need whatever that all the cats in the neighborhood should know where we are living," and he was just going out of the nest when three little mice rushed in, calling out, "Mother, the cat's gone away; may we go into the loft to play?"

Brighteyes looked at her husband, who inquired, "How do you know the cat has gone?"

"We saw her go down the loft ladder and out of the stable," answered Brownie, Nimble, and Squeakie all together.

"That may be," said their father, "but she might soon come back again. I must explain to you to-morrow what I meant by mice playing when the cat is away. Meanwhile, I think you had better not go into the loft to-day, but stay and play in the wall until your mother or I can take you out, for I feel nearly sure that the cat has a family of young children somewhere there, and if she has she will not stay away from them for any length of time; and mind you play quietly, too, for if the cat should hear you, she will keep watch at the mouth of the hole, and then you will not be able to go out at all."

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The news that their father suspected that there was a family of little cats in the loft greatly excited the young mice, and they earnestly begged him to let them go only a very little way out of the wall, to see if they could spy them anywhere, but their father was firm in his refusal to all their entreaties, and they left the nest in a much soberer manner than they had bounced into it.

For some time they played together very quietly, till at last Squeakie, who was very loud of singing and making a noise, suddenly stopped. "This is stupid," said he, "what a pity we can't go out of the wall!"

"Yes," sighed Brownie, "I should so much like to see a little cat, but we must wait till we are bigger and older."

"And won't the little cat grow bigger and older, too?" cried Nimble. "I'll tell you what it is, we were only told not to go out of the wall; nothing was said about peeping out of it, so I shall go down to the end, and look out into the loft and try if I can see anything of these little cats."

As there could be no harm in doing this, Brownie and Squeakie readily agreed to accompany their brother, and they all went down to the mouth of the hole.

On arriving there they saw a number of young mice playing on the loft floor, but no signs of cats, either little or big, and after watching them for a short time, Squeakie said, "What fun they are having. I wonder if they have seen the little cats; could you not run out and ask one of them, Nimble?"

"No," said Brownie, "call one of them here; we must not go out, you know," and the three began to call to the nearest mice to come to them, but they were too busily engaged in their game to pay any attention to their calls, and after a time Nimble, getting impatient, slipped out of the hole, and saying, "I will be back at once," ran up to one of the mice in the loft, spoke with him for a moment, and was quickly back again. "He says he never heard anything about the little cats," reported Nimble, "but he will ask the others; we must wait."

Accordingly they waited till they saw the mouse that Nimble had spoken to go to several of the others and talk with them; and then all the mice assembled together and held a consultation, after which they all separated and cautiously advanced toward some hay that lay at the further end of the loft, on reaching which Nimble and his companions lost sight of them. But soon a great squeaking was heard, and they saw them all reappear, and run together to one corner of the hay, when, joining hands, they began dancing backward and forward in a lively way.

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On seeing this, our three little mice could contain themselves no longer, but forgetting all about their father's orders not to go into the loft, they ran out, and hastened to have a look at the wee cats, and had just joined the others, and could see a small blind kitten lying in its nest, when, with a bound, the old cat sprang in among the dancers, who fled in all directions. Fortunately for Brownie and her brothers they escaped the cat's clutches.

Hurriedly they scampered along, till, turning sharp round a corner they ran into a yard, and raced across at the top of their speed toward a gate, having passed through which they escaped into some high grass, where they hid, breathless and exhausted, Nimble having received a sharp peck from a hen on his way, which had quite lamed him, and Squeakie having been frightened completely out of the remainder of his wits by the loud quacking of ducks as he passed close by them. It rained hard, and half-drowned the wanderers as they huddled together and felt thoroughly miserable.

"How I wish I had not sung so loud," whispered Squeakie, "perhaps that cat would never have come."

"How I wish I had never seen a big cat," said Nimble, "I should then never have wanted to see a little one."

"How I wish we had done what father told us, and not gone into the loft," said Brownie.

"So do I," echoed both Nimble and Squeakie in the same remorseful tone.

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And the poor mice crept closer to each other and began to cry.

"Hullo! What's all this noise about?" cried a frog, as he jumped over the grass and alighted near them, causing them a terrible start. "What's the matter?"

"We have left home without leave, and been chased by a cat, and now we are lost," answered Brownie.

"Ah! that's bad," said the frog. "I once knew a cat myself——"

"But," interrupted Nimble, "perhaps you could tell us where we might find another mouse; we have a great many relations, and we might learn our way home then."

"Well," said the frog, after thinking a little, "I do know of a mouse, and one that does not live far from here, too; but she is not like you at all, she has such a long nose—perhaps you may be some relation, though. But I can tell you her house is very small; she can't take you all in; you had much better come home with me."

But the mice greatly preferring to see one of their own kind, the good-natured frog set off down the field with them, hopping slowly on account of Nimble's lameness, and they soon arrived at a small hole in the ground, near which the frog stamped several times with his foot, and they immediately heard some one cry, "Coming, coming," and a little creature, like a very small mouse, less even than themselves, but with a very long snout or nose, made her appearance. The frog, addressing her as Mrs. Shrew, presented his companions to her, at the same time telling her of their misfortunes.

"Dear me, dear me!" said Mrs. Shrew, "what troubles you have had, my dears, and sorry I am to say that I am no relation of yours; our families and ways of living are quite different. I am only a poor little shrew mouse, and although my larder is pretty full at present, there is nothing in it that you would care to eat, only a few young insects and such like. Now if it were only you, Mr. Frog, that would be different, and I would gladly bring them out, but as it is I think my young friends had better come with me; I met with a very chatty body the other day, one of their family, and she asked me to call on her; she lives in a cornstack close by, and if she is at home, no doubt she will be able to set them all right."

The frog quite approved of this proceeding, and after bidding them all "good-by," he hopped away in capital spirits, leaving them to continue their journey with Mrs. Shrew, who soon brought them to the cornstack, and stopped before an opening in it. "Here is the place," said she, "up here, first turning to the right, and knock; that is what she told me."

Brownie pushed on in front, and soon came to a turning.

"This must be the place," thought she, and with a beating heart she knocked

"Come in," answered a hearty voice, and Brownie went forward into a comfortable room, in which sat a fat, merry-looking mouse, who, as soon as she saw her, jumped up, exclaiming:

"Bless me! Why, Brownie, how did you get here? Where are Nimble and Squeakie?" and catching her in her arms, she began kissing her.

Brownie was so bewildered that she could not speak; until the mouse, asking her if she had forgotten her Aunt Sleekskin, who had left their home when they were quite young, to go and live in the country, she remembered herself, and told her aunt that Nimble and Squeakie were outside with Mrs. Shrew, on hearing which, Aunt Sleekskin bustled out and soon returned with the two brothers, having thanked Mrs. Shrew, who would not come in, for her kindness to them.

After Brownie and her brothers had rubbed themselves dry, and eaten some corn their aunt brought them, they told her all their adventures.

"Hum!" said she, "a pretty scrape you have got into; that comes of not doing what you are bid."

When evening set in the little mice went home with Aunt Sleekskin, who, on bringing them in to their father and mother, said, "Here are three small culprits, who have been learning lessons in disobedience and playing with cats, which will do them more good than all the talking you could give them in a week, and in my opinion the best thing you can do is to send them to bed.

This plan was adopted; the three children gladly crept off to bed, while Aunt Sleekskin sat down. She must have explained matters satisfactorily, for in the morning they escaped with a slight scolding; and their father evidently thought he had no need to explain to them the way to understand "When the cat's away the mice will play," for he never did so.—Young Folks.

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## When Baby is Asleep

*By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler*

THEY knew not whence the tyrant came,
They did not even know his name;
Yet he compelled them one and all
To bow in bondage to his thrall;
And from their lips allegiance wrung
Although a stranger to their tongue.

Whilst he was wrapped in royal state,
Their hours of toil were long and late;
No moment could they call their own
Within the precincts of the throne;
And when they dreamed their work was o'er,
He only made them slave the more.

Although the conquering king was he
Of people who had once been free,
No word of praise or promise fell
From him his subjects served so well;
And none of those who crowned him lord
Received a shadow of reward.

Obedience to his behest
Destroyed their peace, disturbed their rest;
Yet when his drowsy eyes grew dim,
No mortal dared to waken him;
They stole about with stealthy tread—
"The baby is asleep," they said.

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## The Boy King of Spain

WHAT a long name for one boy to have! Just think of being called Alphonso Leon Fernando Maria Santiago Isidore Paschal Marcian R.! Perhaps it is all right that he should have eight names, for he is one of the most interesting boys in the world. In six years more this little man of nearly twelve will mount the throne of Spain. When he was born, May 17, 1886, a royal salute of twenty-one guns boomed out from the palace, then up went the Spanish standard over the palace, the bells chimed, and the cannon roared. What a day that was!

The great camarera-major, the President of the Council, the Captain-General of Madrid, and the Commander of the Halberdiers, and all the lords and ladies, excitedly announced that a little King had arrived. This boy loves the sports of which other boys are so fond. His bicycle and his pet pony are his favorites. A boys' battalion was organized three years ago, and, of course, this little King became their leader. Their uniforms are very bright and pretty, and when they have their annual parade, march, drill, and charge with bayonets, the sight is very stirring.

The boy's mother sometimes calls him Alphonsito—her own pet name for him. Once a minister to His Majesty said: "How are you, Alphonsito?" The little King looked at him and said: "To mamma I am Alphonsito, but to you I am the King."—Success.

## Laura's Little Book

*By T. P. Du Bois*

"MAMMA," said Laura, "I wish I could make a whole world full of people happy, and have every one love me, as they do Florence Nightingale and such people, but I never seem to have a chance to make any one happy, only once in a while, and there are so few in a whole summer."

"Would you be satisfied to make three or four hundred people happy in a year?" said mamma.

"Why, yes." And Laura curled herself up on the broad couch, and tucked big pillows all around her.

"Don't you think, if you tried hard, you could make one person happy every day?"

"I think I could. But one person—that's what I say; one or two are so few."

"How many days in a year?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five. Why, I never thought of it in that way before, truly, mamma." And she went off into a day-dream where she pictured herself as noted for her good deeds. But Laura was a very practical girl after all, and she soon bethought herself that the first thing to do was to begin right away at her task.

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"I want to sit here and read my new book," she said to herself; "but that won't help along my plan. I know mamma thinks I ought to be outdoors, but I don't feel one bit like it, the wind is so disagreeable." Then a new idea seemed to come to her and she sat straight up. "Why, I expect it would make mamma happy if I took a good long walk for exercise without being told." And she went and got her wraps. "Mamma," she said, "I think a walk would do me good; and, if you have an errand to be done, I can do it just as well as to go for nothing."

"I am sure you have commenced your plan for making other people happy, daughter," said this wise mamma; "for you make me happy by going so willingly for your walk, and you may take this paper up to grandma if you wish."

This was a pleasant errand, and Laura began to think she was making herself happy after all.

The next day mamma went down town, and she brought back a tiny diary, with just enough room each day to write a few lines; and under date of the day previous, which happened to be January 10, was this entry: "Made mamma happy by going for my walk without being told."

Laura felt very proud and pleased, and made up her mind that she would try to not leave a single day blank. Of course, I cannot give you an account of the whole year, but I will tell you about a few days here and there. Late in February there came a cold day when the snow was thawing, and the walks were all slush, and the sky was gray and gloomy. It was nearly night, and the day had been such an uncomfortable one that she was sure she had not a single entry to make in her little book.

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Mamma was out, and her two brothers, Ralph and little Nonie, were working busily in the barn with tools and boards. She stood idly looking out of the window, when Theresa, one of the maids, came through the rooms with little Bernie.

"I am at my wit's end to know what to do," she said. "Bernie can't play out-of-doors, and she feels so cross; and I want to make a nice cake for supper."

Laura let them go through the room and shut the door. She did not feel one bit like entertaining Bernie. Then she thought of her little book, and went and called her. "Bernie, do you want sister to read to you?"

The delighted child came gladly; and among the pillows of the wide couch, curled up like kittens, they read Kittylene until both forgot the bad weather, and when mamma came home were laughing heartily. That night she put in her book, "Took care of Bernie, and made Theresa happy, and her, too."

One very warm Sunday in early spring she gave up her seat in the carriage to an elderly lady who was visiting in the neighborhood, which was very hard for her, for she couldn't help getting her shoes muddy, and she did like to have everything spotless. At another time she taught Nonie the Golden Text when she did want to finish her Sabbath-school book so she could return it and get another; and one entry read like this: "I counted carefully all the time I was practicing, and made mamma happy."

Toward the end of the year the spaces in the little book grew too small to write down all that she did. So she had to write, "Made four people happy to-day," and just added the names; for she had learned to look for chances, and she found they were everywhere. But one thing she learned that she had never dreamed of. She began to be so happy herself all the time that every one noticed it; for she found that every time she made any one else happy she made herself happy, too.

"Mamma," she said, when the year had gone by, and she laid the little book in her hands with not a single empty day in it, "I am glad I could fill my little book, but I think I was the happiest one of all through what I did."—Christian Work.

# Cormorant Fishing in Japan

### A NIGHT SCENE ON A JAPANESE RIVER

GIFU is the place to go to if you care to see, in all its perfection, one of the oldest extant forms of piscatory craft. To see the fishing at all you must be there, says a writer in the London Times, between May and October, which are the limits of the season. To see it to full advantage you should choose a time when the river is free from turbidity, and when there is no moonlight—the darker the night the better. Further, if you are wise, you will take care to see it after the manner of the country and in the company of a pleasant party of Japanese, as I saw it recently. It was but a short drive from our inn at Gifu to the riverside tea-house that served as the real starting-point of the exhibition. Embarking there, after nightfall, in a roomy pleasure-barge we set off on an up-stream voyage, in which our craft was alternately poled and towed over the shoals and rapids of the wide and shallow Nagaragawa.

Outside the night was darkness itself and profoundly still. Inside there was neither silence nor darkness. The cabin, or deck-house, of the Korio Maru is, in truth, a pretty little Japanese room, with its accompaniments of sliding doors, clean, soft mats, decorated ceiling, and beautiful woods—the whole brightly lit up by a many-colored galaxy of "air-cooling" lanterns. On the mats sit a cheery party, talking and joking with all the happy abandon of Japanese out for a holiday, drinking tea, it hardly need be said, and smoking their diminutive pipes the while. Aft of our saloon a tiny kitchen, from which, as time wears on, attendants bring relays of teas and fruits and sweetmeats, and, finally, sundry bottles of hot sake, followed by a great jubako, or provision box, of gilded lacquer, with its trays upon trays of dainty eatables, among which last are spitchcocked eels, piping hot, and cooked as only a Japanese can cook them.

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After, perhaps, an hour of struggle up-stream the barge is brought to rest at a convenient place in mid-channel, there to await the arrival of the cormorant fishers we have come to see. Presently the first sign is detected—a spot of hazy red glow, shining over the trees from a reach two or three miles above us. Hereupon our chief boatman erects his private signal—a mighty paper lantern of a red and white basket-pattern. Steadily the glow spreads and deepens, we descry its cause—a constellation of shifting, flickering lights, drifting down the dark river toward us. By degrees these develop into balls of fire, seven in number, casting as many long coruscations of light from their reflection in the stream.

Then sounds are heard—sounds of much beating, shouting and splashing. Next appear the forms of boats and the swarthy figures of men, thrown up with weird, Rembrandt-like effects against the inky blackness of the night; and in the water round about the boats are numbers of cormorants, behaving to all appearance in the maddest fashion. The fires we now see are great cages of blazing pine-knots, suspended over the bow of each boat, darting forth flames and sparks, and forever dropping embers, which fall with loud hissing into the stream. Nearer still they come. The men have seen our signal and are manœuvring so as to surround us, which, being done, we find ourselves in the midst of all the uproar and excitement of cormorant fishing à la Japanese.

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There are four men in each of the seven boats, one of whom, at the stern, has no duty but that of managing his craft. In the bow stands the master, distinguished by the peculiar hat of his rank, and handling no fewer than twelve trained birds with the surpassing skill and coolness that have earned for the sportsmen of Gifu their unrivaled preeminence. Amidships is another fisher, of the second grade, who handles four birds only. Between them is the fourth man, called kako, from the bamboo striking instrument of that name, with which he makes the clatter necessary for keeping the birds up to their work; he also encourages them by shouts and cries, looks after spare apparatus, etc., and is ready to give aid if required.

Each cormorant wears at the base of its neck a metal ring, drawn tight enough to prevent marketable fish from passing below it, but at the same time loose enough—for it is never removed—to admit the smaller prey, which serve as food. Round the body is a cord, having attached to it at the middle of the back a short strip of stiffish whalebone, by which the great awkward bird may be conveniently lowered into the water or lifted out when at work; and to this whalebone is looped a thin rein of spruce fibre, twelve feet long and so far wanting in pliancy as to minimize the chances of entanglement.

When the fishing-ground is reached the master lowers his twelve birds one by one into the stream, and gathers their reins into his left hand, manipulating the latter thereafter as occasion requires; number two does the same with his four birds; the kako starts in with his volleys of noise, and forthwith the cormorants set to at their work in the heartiest and jolliest way, diving and ducking with wonderful swiftness as the astonished fish come flocking to the light.

The master is now the busiest of men. He must handle his twelve strings so deftly that, let the birds dash hither and thither as they will, there shall be no impediment of fouling. He must have his eyes everywhere and his hands following his eyes. Specially must he watch for the moment when any of his flock is gorged—a fact generally made known by the bird itself, which then swims about in a foolish, helpless way, with its head and swollen neck erect. Thereupon the master, shortening in on that bird, lifts it aboard, forces its bill open with his left hand, which still holds the rest of the lines, squeezes out the fish with his right, and starts the creature out on a fresh foray—all this with such admirable dexterity and quickness that the eleven birds still bustling about have scarce time to get things into a tangle, and in another moment the team is again in hand.

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As for the cormorants, they are trained when quite young, being caught in winter with bird-lime on the coasts of the neighboring Owari Gulf, at their first immigration southward from the summer haunts of the species on the northern seaboard of Japan. Once trained they work well up to fifteen, often up to nineteen or twenty years of age; and, though their keep in winter bears hardly on the masters, they are very precious and profitable hunters during the five-months' season, and well deserve the great care that is lavished upon them. From four to eight good-sized fish, for example, is the fair result of a single excursion for one bird.

Every bird in a flock has and knows its number; and one of the funniest things about them is the quick-witted jealousy with which they invariably insist, by all that cormorant language and pantomimic protest can do, on due observance of the recognized rights belonging to their individual numbers. Number one, or Ichi, is the doyen of the corps, the senior in years as well as rank. His colleagues, according to their age, come after him in numerical order. Ichi is the last to be put into the water and the first to be taken out, the first to be fed and the last to enter the baskets in which, when the work is over, the birds are carried from the boats to their domicile. Ichi, when aboard, is a solemn, grizzled old fellow, with a pompous do-not-touch-me air that is almost worthy of a lord-mayor. The rest have place after him, in succession of rank, alternately on either side of the gunwale. If, haply, the lawful order of precedence be at any time violated, the rumpus that forthwith arises in that family is a sight to see and a sound to hear.

But all this while we have been drifting down, with the boats about us, to the lower end of the course, and are again abreast of Gifu, where the whole squadron is beached. As each cormorant is now taken out of the water the master can tell by its weight whether it has secured enough supper while engaged in the hunt; failing which, he makes the deficiency good by feeding it with the inferior fish of the catch.

At length all are ranged in their due order, facing outward on the gunwale of each boat. And the sight of that array of great ungainly seabirds—shaking themselves, flapping their wings, gaw-gawing, making their toilets, clearing their throats, looking about them with a stare of stupid solemnity, and now and then indulging in old-maidish tiffs with their neighbors—is quite the strangest of its class I have ever seen. Finally, the cormorants are sent to bed, and we follow suit.

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## The Lighthouse Keeper

*THE STORY OF ONE MAN'S SECRET*

"MY MAN, do you want a berth?" said he.

"Aye, aye, Cappen," said I. "I want one badly. I'm half-starved and half-frozen."

He made no answer but just a sign to follow him, and he stalked away and I pegged after him. He kept close along the shore as we walked, and for a while he said nothing. At last he turned and pointed seaward.

He indicated a lighthouse on a lonely rock. "I'm the keeper," said he. "I want you to cook my meals and keep my bachelor's hall for me. Now and then I shall want you to row in and buy provisions. The work won't be hard. I think the pay will suit you. Do you know why I chose you?"

"No, Cappen," said I.

"Because I saw that hope was at an end with you," he said. "It's only a man who had come to that who could live with me in a lighthouse."

I'd been in a lighthouse before; it was no new thing to me, but after I'd been there a few hours I wondered what my master hired me for. It was like being pensioned off; there was nothing to do. But, mark ye, when it came night, and the wind began to moan about the lighthouse, and the lamps were lit and all outside was black as pitch, and all the sound we heard was the swash, swash, swash of the waves, my master mixed some grog and called me to sit along with him. That looked sociable, but I can't say he did. He sat glowering over his glass for a while, and opening his mouth as if to speak, and shutting it again. Then said he: "What's your name?"

"Ben Dare," said I.

"Would you mind calling yourself Brace?"

"I've no reason to be ashamed of my name," said I, wondering what he meant.

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"Look here," said he, "I am a gentleman born and bred. I never came to earning my bread before. I'm ashamed of it. This is what I mean: If any strangers come out here and ask for William Brace, why, you can say you are the man. You claim to be lighthouse keeper. It's easy. I don't suppose much company will call, but I choose not to see them if they do. That's what I hired you for."

"Oh," said I.

"You see," said he, "I got this place through a rich man who had influence. Those who gave it to me never saw me. If I go off, and I may, here you are still."

"Well, it's shamming," said I, "but, after all, what does any one care what my name is; and what shall I call you?"

"Call me nothing, call me Captain."

Gentleman or no, he wasn't lazy. He didn't care how he worked. The lamps were as bright as jewels. There wasn't a speck of dirt in the whole tower. But let any boat come nigh us, away he went and hid himself, and came out with a white, scared face and a shaking hand. At night he was afraid to go up to the lamps alone, and he'd look over his shoulder and turn white as we stood together. At last he took a new turn. He stood staring for a while. Then he spoke to me in a low voice: "Brace, do you believe in ghosts?"

"I hadn't considered the question."

"Well," said he, more softly than before, "look into that corner," and he pointed. I looked.

"Don't you see anything?" he asked.

"No," said I; "no, Cappen."

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But that wasn't nothing to what happened the very next night. We slept in two bunks nigh each other, and naturally when he woke up with a yell I woke too. He was shrieking and shaking and wringing his hands.

"The woman! the woman!" he said. "She stood here just now, all red with blood. It dripped down the white ruffles. It dripped on her hands. Stop her! She has gone to call them. Stop her! stop her!"

"Where did she go?" I asked. He stared at me with his wide-open eyes.

"She couldn't have been here," said he. "It was a dream." So we went to sleep. But I heard of the woman so often after that that I grew used to her. The Cappen, as I called him, got to be worse and worse every day. I wanted to go ashore and fetch the doctor, but he would not hear to it.

At last there came a hot, hot night in June. It was burning hot all day, and a dead calm at night. About dark the Cappen went to sleep, and I went and sat where I could see the water and the lights ashore. It was so clear that I could hear the sailors in a Spanish ship moored not far away singing in their foreign lingo. And I was sort of quiet and dreamy-like, when something happened that waked me mighty wide and sudden. Something was standing on the steps below me, something white. Something came toward me.

It was a little, slender figure, with long hair all about its shoulders. I couldn't see its face. I don't think I really saw it plainly at all. But it went past me softly while I looked, and I knew it was a woman in a white, ruffled gown, and that she had gone to the room where my master lay. I shook too hard for a moment to move; but as soon as I could I started up to go to him. Just then a voice cried: "Lighthouse, ahoy!"

I answered, "Aye, aye," and stopped a bit.

A boat lay at the foot of the steps, and four men jumped out of it.

"We want William Brace, keeper of this lighthouse," said one, a big man in a linen overcoat.

"I'm one that answers to the name," says I. He swung a lantern over my head.

"Search the place, my men," said he.

"I've got a sick friend aloft," says I. "Don't disturb him. I'm afraid the woman will skeer him, anyhow, he's so low."

"No woman came with us," he snarled. "Stand aside. Men, do your duty."

They went upstairs. I followed. I saw them walk into the Cappen's room. I heard them cry out and stand still. When I got to the door they stood in a row looking down on the bed. I looked, too. Man nor woman couldn't frighten the Cappen more. He was dead.

"What had he done?" I asked the officer.

"Killed his wife," said he, "that's all. No doubt she deserved it; but it's not allowed by law when they do."

"God help him," said I.—From the Boston Globe.

## The Situation in China

*THE KEY TO THE PRESENT CRISIS*

TRADE is the key to the situation in the far East; and very critical the situation is.

All the greater Powers but Great Britain want to possess the whole or a part of China. They want it, except it be Russia, for their trade. Russia wants it in part for pride of greatness. Whenever any one of the three, Russia, Germany or France, gets possession or control of new territory, the first thing done is to close its ports to foreign commerce. French commerce is free in French Africa, German in German Africa; but the commerce of other nations is excluded by high duties. This fosters their own manufactures and their own shipping at the expense of all others. But Great Britain does no such thing. When she takes possession of India, she opens every port equally to all nations. Canada or South Africa or Australia, as soon as they have parliaments of their own, put their tariffs on British as freely as on French imports. Great Britain believes in free commerce, asks no favors, but trusts solely to the enterprise of her people to create and preserve markets. She has succeeded better than any other nation. She has three-fourths of the commerce with the far East, and she wishes to keep it.

In order to preserve an equal right with other Powers in Chinese markets—and China, with her immense population, is expected to be the great market of the world for European manufactures—Great Britain has her treaties with China granting her privileges equal to those of the most favored nation. Those treaties would lapse if portions of China should be alienated to other Powers. They would not properly lapse under terms of a lease, such as that by which Germany has taken the magnificent port of Kiao-chau; and Germany under English pressure yields the point. Great Britain has now declared that her trade in China shall not thus be excluded. Great Britain lives on her trade, and she can protect it. She has publicly declared, with the direct threat of war, that she will not allow Russia to close any Chinese ports. What she asks for is more open treaty ports where all commerce shall be equally free to enter, subject only to the equal tariff which China puts on all commerce. She offers a great and needed loan to China, but on this condition, among others, that three new open ports shall be created, one of them Talienwan, which is in Northern China, which Russia proposes to secure for herself. To this Russia strenuously objects, because she wishes to be able, before long, to control its commerce for herself. Great Britain has the fleet; she has Japan behind her; she has behind her the moral support of the United States. All these Powers wish free commerce with China; and Great Britain and Japan have a fleet in the Chinese waters big enough to allow them to do what they please. It looks like a show of force. The European Powers have imagined that Great Britain was such a lover of peace that she would submit to anything. But the British Government has spoken, and behind it is the total sentiment of the Empire, and with it is Japan; and it seems probable Russia and her allies, Germany and France, must yield.

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Besides the combined navy of Great Britain and Japan, with its overwhelming superiority, Japan can put a well-equipped army in the field, much superior to anything that Russia can supply. Japan has not forgotton how, under the threats of these three combined Powers, she was compelled to evacuate China, holding only Wei-hai-wei until the indemnity should be paid. Since then she has enlarged her navy; a determined Cabinet is in power; and the chance may have come, which seemed to be hers at the close of her war with China, when China and Japan will unite against foreign aggression, and with Great Britain to help them. It is true still that China is but an egg-shell that can be cracked by the slightest blow; but this may not long be so. The regeneration that has come to Japan may yet come to China; and it may come rapidly if the pressure of foreign aggression throws China into the arms of Japan and Great Britain. The impending partition of China seems just now to be delayed by the act of Great Britain, who declares that she will fight rather than allow other Powers to shut her out of the Chinese trade to which she has, and to which she will insist on having, equal rights. This is the key of the situation. A few weeks will show whether Russia will back down—or whether we shall have war. We prophesy peace; for Russia is not ready to fight in Chinese waters.—The Independent.

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SUBSTANTIATING IMMERSION.—The famed Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana, was renowned for his witty rejoinders. On one occasion a Baptist minister insisted that there were several places in the Bible where immersion was unquestionably referred to. "Yes," replied the Bishop, "I recall two such instances where there can be no doubt as to the mode: one is where Pharaoh and his host were immersed in the sea, and the other where the Gadarene pigs were drowned in the deep."

# A Night at the Opera

### THE STORY OF A COLLEGE ESCAPADE

*By L. Cope Cornford*

"TALKING of the opera," said Major Bethune, "did I ever tell you how I heard Grisi for the first time?

"I was at Addiscombe (which was the Sandhurst of my time) when Grisi first came to town, and my great chum there was young Anthony Hambledon, the present Baronet. I think he must have been the slackest man ever constructed, and the ugliest. A pale, sombre face he had, red hair, no eyebrows to call such, and when he was quiet, which was but seldom, you would take him for a man incapable of mirth and sunk in hopeless melancholy; but the moment he began to speak there would be a mime fit to make you die of laughter.

"He had a passion for music, and when the report of Grisi's wonderful success reached us, nothing would serve but he must go to hear her, and I with him.

"I was a sad dog in those days—ah, they were days," said the Major, with an accent of regret. "So we laid a careful plan, and one night had a chaise and pair waiting for us at the crossroads. Early hours were the rule at Addiscombe, and as soon as the lights were extinguished we were out of the window and over the wall.

"It was a fine dry night, with a broad moon, and the road rang under the galloping hoofs. We put up at the sign of the Golden Sun, close to the Opera House.

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"All the way up Tony had been like a boy possessed—he shouted and sang, driving at a hard gallop the whole time—but the moment the music began he fell under its spell, sitting as quiet as a dead man.

"When the curtain fell he woke as if from a trance, and began to look about him. 'Look there, Jack!' he whispered, 'there's my venerated father yonder in a box; and, what is more, he's just spotted his darling son, and there'll be trouble now, sure.'

"Sure enough, I was presently aware of burly, red-faced old Sir John Hambledon, fixing Anthony with an angry stare. 'Anthony!' he cried in his great voice, so that half the theatre turned to look, 'Anthony! what the deuce may you be doing here, sir?'

"Tony, who had been absently biting his nails, looked up blankly. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, mildly, "my name is John Bethune. Not Anthony; nothing like it. Some mistake, sir; some mistake!'

"Old Sir John was taken aback for a moment, his face purpling above his white stock and the veins in his forehead swelling.

"'Oh!' he said, with a strained calmness. 'Ah! You are not my son, Anthony Hambledon, aren't you? Not my son! And there's some mistake, is there? On my word, young man, you're right!' and he swore aloud.

"Anthony turned a bewildered face to me. 'The old story,' he remarked in a loud aside, and shook his head. 'Sad, isn't it? My dear sir,' he said to the fuming Baronet, 'I know very well you think you are perfectly sober, and I give you every credit for it; but the fact remains, you are quite seriously the reverse. It's a wise son that knows his own father, but it's a drunk father that doesn't know his own son. Attendants, remove this gentleman at once!'

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"Sir John lost his temper and broke into imprecations; the bell rang for the rising of the curtain; a storm of shouts, mingled with hisses and howlings from pit and gallery, assailed him; and the end of it was the old gentleman had to retire to his box again.

"All through the act I could see Sir John in his box keeping a watchful eye on his outrageous son; but at the end there was a scene of great enthusiasm, the whole audience rising to its feet with cheers. Tony touched me, and we whipped out of the theatre.

"We had every sleepy ostler in the innyard broad awake and stirring for dear life in two minutes; Tony spared neither language nor half-crowns.

"'Sit tight!' said Tony, as we shaved the corner post. 'Did you ever see me drive? because you're going to now. Shout, man, shout like wild till we're clear of the streets, or we'll kill somebody!'

"The horses laid their ears back, and the chaise leaped and bounded on the roadway; a frenzy of excitement rose in me, like a draught of wine, and I screamed and hallooed like a madman. Windows were flung up and heads thrust out; every vehicle we met swerved into the pavement, or charged up by-streets to avoid us; the foot-passers scurried in all directions.

"Tony never slacked the pace from one end to the other; bare-headed, with his lank, red hair blown off his forehead, eyes alight and teeth clenched, he looked extremely like a demon in a pantomime, I thought. How we got safely back I shall never know, so great was the state of excitement I was in.

"'Now,' said Tony, as he got into bed, 'if I know anything of my misguided parent, he will shortly be on in this scene; but I think I can work him.'

"I suppose we had been in bed half an hour, when we heard the sound of horse-hoofs coming rapidly down the road at a heavy trot; the bell clanged loudly, there was a noise of arrival, and presently a tramp of heavy steps along our corridor. The door opened, and in came the governor himself, bearing a lighted candle, and followed by Sir John Hambledon.

"I need not say we both feigned the profoundest slumber, as the governor flashed the light in our faces.

"'I told you so, Sir John,' he said, irritably. 'Here is your son safe in bed and sound asleep. You must have been deceived by some chance resemblance.'

"'Chance resemblance!' retorted the Baronet passionately. 'Look at him, and then tell me if there could be another boy in the compass of the three kingdoms with a face on him like that. Wake up, sir!' and he shook his son by the shoulder.

"Tony woke with a really admirable start. He sat upright and rubbed his eyes, blinking stupidly at the candle; affected suddenly to recognize his father, and his face changed to an expression of the wildest alarm.

"'Father!' he cried, 'father!' breaking into a passion of tears. 'My mother!' he sobbed; 'I know she must be dying, or why—why—should you be here? Tell me—tell me; she's not—dead! Oh, tell me, she's not dead!' and his voice rose to a shriek.

"What followed I don't exactly know, because I was taken with a spasm of laughter and had to retire under the bedclothes, trembling with the fear of discovery. I could hear nothing but a muffled sound of voices, and the door closing behind our visitors. We were saved." —From Jerome K. Jerome's Weekly To-Day.

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## *Success of Small Inventions*

NO BETTER examples of the importance of small things can be found than among the records at the United States Patent Office, in Washington, says a writer in the New York Sun. There are to be seen certain small objects which, by a lucky turn of affairs, or, perhaps, by the ingenuity of the inventors, have become known throughout the United States, and even throughout the world, and have been the means of filling the pockets of both the inventors and their representatives. In fact, it would seem as if inventors of small objects have been far better paid than skilled mechanics and engineers who have spent months and years in perfecting elaborate mechanisms. Certainly, in proportion to the amount of work done, the lot of the inventor of small objects is more to be desired than that of the man who spends the best part of his life over an elaborate machine the merits of which are tardily recognized, not, perhaps, until the inventor, through worry and sickness, is in no condition to enjoy the fruits of his toil. It would seem, also, as if the inventors of small objects which have paid have not, as a rule, been inventors by profession. They have been for the most part persons who by sheer luck have stumbled upon an idea which somebody else has recognized as a good one. Without the suggestion of this "somebody else," who is usually the one who profits, the great idea, though born, would rarely grow to maturity.

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A story current at the Patent Office is told of an old farmer up in Maine. The children of the old fellow, like many other children before and since, had a way of kicking the toes out of their shoes. The farmer was of an ingenious turn of mind, and he cut out a couple of copper strips for each pair of shoes, which were fastened over the toes and between the sole and the upper. The plan proved so successful that the farmer found that, where he had been buying three pairs of shoes one pair would suffice. There happened along about this time a man from the city with an eye to business. He prevailed on the old man to have the idea patented. This was done, and between fifty thousand and one hundred thousand dollars was made out of it. How much of this the old man got is not known, but it is presumed that the promoter got the larger part. The record at the Patent Office shows only the drawing of the invention as patented on January 5, 1858, by George A. Mitchell, of Turner, Maine.

Another similar invention which made a great deal of money was the metal button-fastener for shoes, invented and introduced by Heaton, of Providence, Rhode Island. At the time it was considered a fine invention, for the old sewed button was continually coming off. It has gradually grown in popularity since its introduction in 1869, until now very few shoes with buttons are manufactured without the Heaton appliance.

By a comparatively simple arrangement the shipping-tags in use all over the country to-day were made a possibility. The chief trouble with a paper tag was the almost unavoidable tearing out of the tying hole before the package arrived at its destination. A cardboard reinforcement, round in shape, on each side of the tying hole, was all that was necessary to make the shipping-tag a success. This was the invention of Mr. Dennison, of Philadelphia, who has made a fortune out of a lucky five minutes of thought applied in the right direction.

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The chief examiner of the division of toys cites many instances where fortunes have been made on puzzles and similar objects. The pigs-in-clover puzzle had a curious history. The inventor, Crandall, put it on the market before the patent had been granted, or, in fact, even applied for. Other people, recognizing the value of the invention from a financial point of view, formed companies and began manufacturing the puzzles in even greater quantities than Crandall's company could turn them out. Crandall, of course, contested for his rights and prayed for an injunction. The claim was put into interference, which is a long process and one which tries both the patience of the department and that of the attorneys. The unfortunate part of it for Crandall was that the craze for the puzzle was over before the interference was settled. This is the same Crandall who invented the famous children's building-blocks, with dovetailed edges.

The return ball, a wooden ball fastened to a thin strip of rubber, with a wooden ring at the other end, which was patented somewhere in the sixties, had a rush of popularity which netted its inventor sixty thousand dollars, and it is sold widely to-day. The patent has now expired. The flying top, a round tin affair with wings, wound with a string and shot up in the air, made a fortune for its inventor. Several years ago a puzzle appeared which attracted considerable attention. It consisted of two double painter's hooks, which, when fastened together in a certain way, could not be taken apart except by one who had seen it done. It is said that this invention came about by the merest chance. A painter was standing on his ladder scaffold across the front of a house. He had occasion to use a pair of the hooks, and, picking them up hurriedly, entangled them in such a manner that it was several hours before he could get them apart. He forthwith had drawings made and filed an application for a patent, which was granted. No figures are known at the Patent Office, but it is supposed that he made a large sum of money, for the puzzle was sold for twenty-five cents in all parts of the East and it cost much less than a cent to manufacture.

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A discovery which has been the means of bringing forth a number of inventions, both great and small, was that of Goodyear, the rubber vulcanizer. It was not until the Goodyear discovery of the vulcanization of rubber, in 1844, that rubber could be used, except in a very primitive fashion. Then it was found that, by the use of sulphur at a certain temperature, rubber could be moulded, shaped and worked into any form. Immediately after this discovery, the application clerk at the Patent Office having charge of such matters was besieged by hundreds and hundreds of applications for inventions with the Goodyear discovery as a basis. They related chiefly to matters of form in which it was desired to work rubber. After that time the rubber blanket, the rubber overshoe, the rubber band followed one after the other in rapid succession, and since that time there has not been a month that some patents have not been granted for different forms of rubber.

Now, applications are coming in at the rate of four or five a month, involving many applications of the pneumatic tubing or cushioning principle. There are now pneumatic blankets, pneumatic pillows of all descriptions, pneumatic soled shoes for running and jumping, and pneumatic car-fender guards; and one ingenious thinker in South Dakota, who appreciates the toil of the world's hard-working editors, has patented a pneumatic seat for an editor's chair which has many points of greatly appreciated comfort.

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A recent invention which has come into prominence within the last two or three years is the tin cap on the top of beer bottles. This appliance is steadily taking the place of the rubber cork with the iron thumb lever. It is found that the sulphur in the rubber cork is acted upon by the beer, with the result of causing the rubber to deteriorate and spoil the beer. An offer from some whisky makers is attracting the attention of inventors. It is a reward of from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand dollars for an appliance on bottles which will prevent their being refilled. As it is now, all the great brewers of the country, and, indeed, of the world, are constantly getting letters from people who complain that they have received inferior qualities of liquids under well-known labels. Of course, it is impossible without such an appliance for manufacturers to guarantee the contents of bottles. All appliances so far with this end in view have been unsatisfactory. The chief difficulty seems to be to make the invention practical and cheap enough for commercial use. The problem has been solved by a number of inventors, but at too great an expense, for it has seemed up to the present impossible to get the cost below two dollars a bottle. Completed, the appliance must not cost more than three cents a bottle.

Several years ago a patent was granted for an addition to tin cans which made the opening of them a very easy matter and did away with the old-fashioned iron can-opener. The can had a small rim just below the top, bent by machinery at an angle just above the breaking point. By a blow on the top of the can around the rim the top would be broken off with a smooth edge. This did not cost the inventor one cent a thousand above the regular price of the cans. Armour, the Chicago meat man, as soon as he heard of the invention, ordered ten million cans to pack meat in, to fill an order for the German army. The inventor of this can made a fortune in the first six months. His cans are now used all over the United States for oysters and fruits. The measure of scientific and industrial progress can be best tested, by the analytic student, by the growth of the utilization of waste. Competition in every line cuts down profits so relentlessly that the utilization of the waste becomes a most potent factor in success, and in this line have been some of the most valuable of the minor inventions that we find on the office records.

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The ordinary wood screw, patented August 20, 1846, by T. J. Sloan, is recorded among the simplest inventions that have made the most money. Then screws were cut by machinery, some of which is still used by the American Screw Company, of Providence, Rhode Island. The man who invented the brass spring-fingers one sees on lamps for holding the chimney in place got for a long period a royalty of fifty thousand dollars a year. William A. Thrall, a former official of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, patented, June 1, 1886, a thousand-mile ticket which possessed so many advantages that it has been adopted by many Western roads. Several years ago Mr. Thrall resigned his place, and is now living on a royalty of twenty thousand dollars a year. Among musical instruments for general use the autoharp has, perhaps, made the most money. The first one was patented in 1882. Now they are sold very reasonably, and manufacturers report immense sales every month. The organette, with perforated paper sheets, is another of the money-making musical instruments. Another profitable invention is the hook used with laces on shoes and gloves, while a simple patented hook-and-eye has made a fortune for its discoverer.


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